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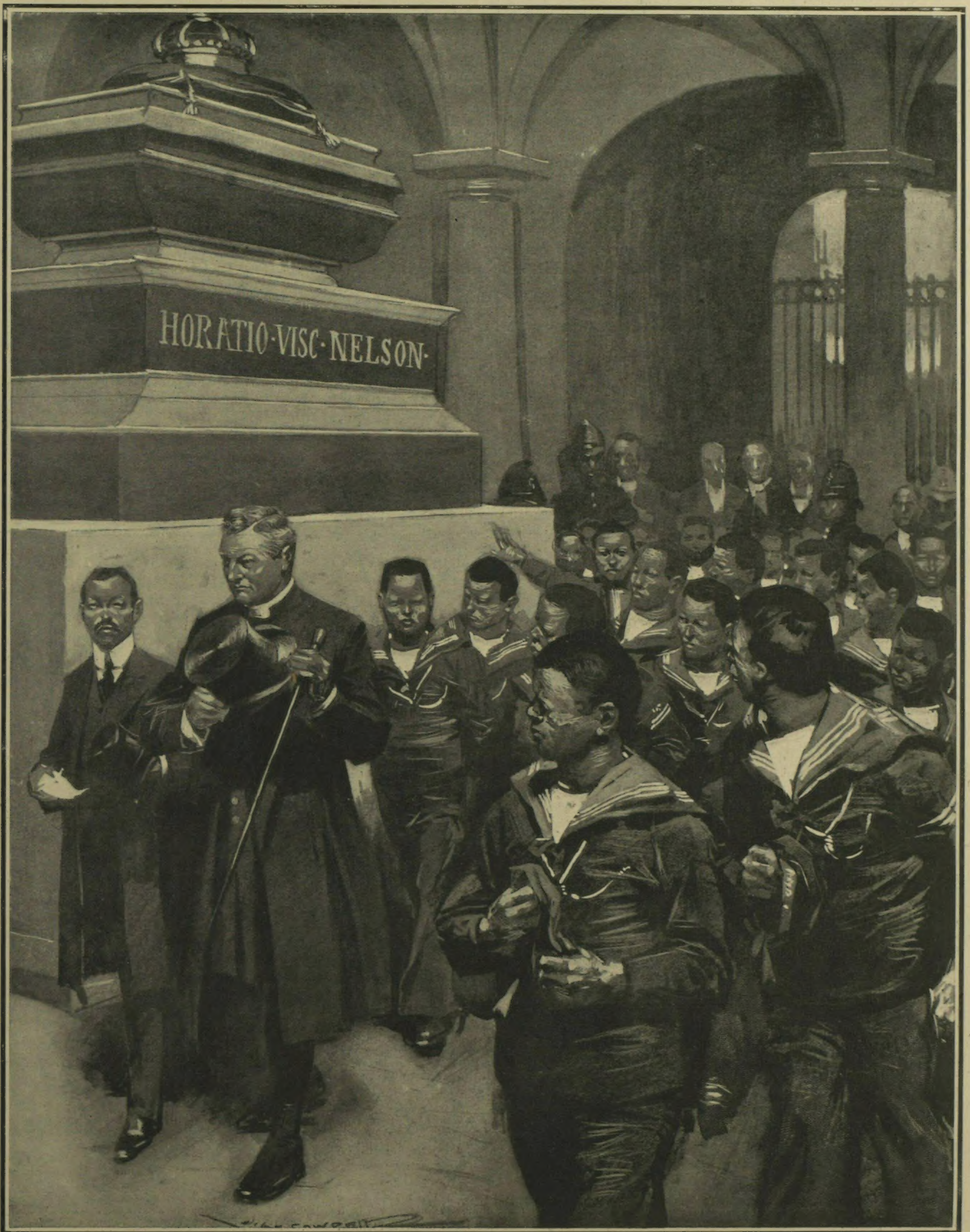
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SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1906.

With Supplement on Imp. Japanese Vellum: "Dante and Beatrice." } SIXPENCE.

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Archdeacon Sinclair.

TOGO'S HEROES AT NELSON'S TOMB: THE JAPANESE SAILORS IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

DRAWN BY MAX COWPER.

The Japanese bluejackets visited St. Paul's Cathedral under the guidance of Archdeacon Sinclair, and listened with profound respect and veneration while the Archdeacon recounted the story of Trafalgar, which was interpreted to the men. The heroes of the Eastern Trafalgar laid their hands reverently on the tomb.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

GLANCING over several papers of late, I see such headings as "Another Medium Exposed," and "Another Spiritualistic Fraud." The easy and conventional comments made upon the matter by the journalists seem to me to be singularly lacking in a logical sense, and there seems to be an underlying assumption in all such comments that the more often you discover a dishonest medium or a fraudulent seance, the more you have diminished the credit or probability of spiritualism. I have never been at a seance in my life, and I never have had, and probably never shall have, anything to do with the specific set of people who call themselves spiritualists. But as a mere matter of intellectual justice or mental lucidity, it is desirable to protest against this confused argument which connects the proved falsity of knaves with the probable falsity of psychic phenomena. The two things have no logical connection whatever. No conceivable number of false mediums affects the probability of the existence of real mediums one way or the other. This is surely obvious enough. No conceivable number of forged bank-notes can disprove the existence of the Bank of England. If anything, the argument might as well be turned the other way; we might say with rather more reason that as all hypocrisies are the evil fruits of public virtue, so in the same way the more real spiritualism there is in the world the more false spiritualism there is likely to be. Just in the same way (to take the case of sham Baronets) the vast amount of false gentility in England arises from the fact that England has, more than any other country, the misfortune to be governed by real gentlemen. There is so much vulgarity because there is so much aristocracy.

In fact, the mere abstract rationality of this problem is very wrongly discussed. For instance, it is always considered ludicrous and a signal for a burst of laughter if the spiritualists say that a seance has been spoiled by the presence of a sceptic, or that an attitude of faith is necessary to encourage the psychic communications. But there is nothing at all unreasonable or unlikely about the idea that doubt might discourage and faith encourage spiritual communications, if there are any. The suggestion does not make spiritualism in abstract logic any more improbable. All that it does make it is more difficult. There is nothing foolish or fantastic about the supposition that a dispassionate person acts as a deterrent to passionate truths. Only it happens to make it much harder for any dispassionate person to find out what is true. There are a thousand practical parallels. An impartial psychologist studying the problem of human nature could, no doubt, learn a great deal from a man and woman making love to each other in his presence. None the less, it is unfortunately the fact that no man and woman would make love to each other in the presence of an impartial psychologist. Students of physiology and surgery might learn something from a man suddenly stabbing another man on a platform in a lecture-theatre. But no man would stab another man on a platform in a lecture-theatre. A schoolmaster would learn much if the boys would be boys in his presence; but they never are boys in his presence. An educationalist studying infancy might make important discoveries if he could hear the things said by a baby when absolutely alone and at his ease with his mother. But it is quite obvious that the mere entrance of a great ugly educationalist (they are an ugly lot) would set the child screaming with terror.

The problem, then, of scepticism and spiritual ecstasies is a perfectly human and intelligible problem to state, though it may be a difficult problem to solve. It is exactly as if a man pointed at some lady (you can choose the lady out of your own acquaintance at your own discretion) and said with marked emphasis, "Under no circumstances could I address a sonnet to that lady." We might reply, "Oh, yes; if you fell in love with her you might feel inclined to do so." He would be fully justified in replying (with tears in his eyes), "But I cannot fall in love with her by any imaginable process." But he would not be logically justified in replying, "Oh, that is all nonsense. You want me to give up my judgment, and become a silly partisan." The whole question under discussion is what would happen if he did become a partisan. In the same way, the sceptic who is expelled with bashed hat and tattered coat-tails from a spiritualistic seance has a perfect right to say (with or without tears in his eyes), "But why blame me for unbelief? I cannot manage to believe in such things by any imaginable process." But he has no logical right to say that it could not have been his scepticism that spoilt the seance, or that there was anything at all unphilosophical in supposing that it was. An impartial person is a good judge of many things, but not of all. He is not (for instance) a good judge of what it feels like to be partial.

For my own part, what little I resent in what little I have seen of spiritualism is altogether the opposite

element. I do not mind spiritualism, in so far as it is fierce and credulous. In that it seems to me to be akin to sex, to song, to the great epics and the great religions, to all that has made humanity heroic. I do not object to spiritualism in so far as it is spiritualistic. I do object to it in so far as it is scientific. Conviction and curiosity are both very good things. But they ought to have two different houses. There have been many frantic and blasphemous beliefs in this old barbaric earth of ours; men have served their deities with obscene dances, with cannibalism, and the blood of infants. But no religion was quite so blasphemous as to pretend that it was scientifically investigating its god to see what he was made of. Bacchanals did not say, "Let us discover whether there is a god of wine." They enjoyed wine so much that they cried out naturally to the god of it. Christians did not say, "A few experiments will show us whether there is a god of goodness." They loved good so much that they knew that it was a god. Moreover, all the great religions always loved passionately and poetically the symbols and machinery by which they worked—the temple, the coloured robes, the altar, the symbolic flowers, or the sacrificial fire. It made these things beautiful: it laid itself open to the charge of idolatry. And into these great ritual religions there has descended, whatever be the meaning of it, the thing of which Sophocles spoke, "The power of the gods, which is mighty and groweth not old." When I hear that the spiritualists have begun to carve great golden wings upon their flying tables, I shall recognise the atmosphere of a faith. When I hear them accused of worshipping a planchet made of ivory and sardonox (whatever that is) I shall know that they have become a great religion. Meanwhile, I fear I shall remain one of those who believe in spirits much too easily ever to become a spiritualist. Modern people think the supernatural so improbable that they want to see it. I think it so probable that I leave it alone. Spirits are not worth all this fuss; I know that, for I am one myself.

As I am talking about ceremonial I may remark that I have received another letter objecting to my previous remarks on that subject. My correspondent shares the common mistake about rites and forms and symbolism in general. He thinks, and innumerable modern people think, that ceremony and the use of symbols complicate existence. But it is really true that symbolism and ritual keep things much simpler than they would otherwise be. The natural tendency of all things in a civilised state is to grow more and more complicated. The only way to keep them at all simple is to fix them for ever in one form; that is, to make them a ceremony. It is a fixed ceremony, for instance, to shake hands; but the luxurious classes try to make it as varied and complicated as they can by shaking hands up in the air or down on the ground, or with two or three or four fingers. Still, they cannot quite alter the fixed form; if they could they would: they would have long ago made the method of greeting different every season, and as complicated as a figure in the Lancers. We should have waved our arms, wagged our heads, stood on one leg, done anything that was complex and fantastic. But in the way of the consummation stood the solid fact that there was a simple custom definitely assured. The case is clearer, perhaps, if we take the example of pictorial symbolism. The tendency of all ornament as such is to become more and more luxurious and complex. Ornament grows like a jungle or a forest. The only way to stop an ornament becoming infinitely extravagant is to make it mean something. If the Cross, for instance, had no religious meaning, the Cross by this time would have ten arms like a tree. Because it keeps its intellectual meaning, it keeps its simple form. The one effect of what is called Ritualism is to keep human ritual within bounds. An even stronger and more popular example occurs to me. When a woman wears rings for pleasure or personal show, the rings are infinitely complicated, they are twisted like serpentine arabesques, they are loaded with complex and often incongruous jewellery. The one ring that a woman wears as a part of a public ceremony is her wedding-ring, which is quite plain. It is quite plain because it is the tendency of all high public ceremony to keep the ring a mere ring, as it keeps the Cross a mere Cross. The one ring that is perfectly simple is the ring that is entirely ritualistic.

Another correspondent writes seeking to probe my opinions upon the position of woman, upon which I was imprudent enough to touch last week. Space permits me only to say that there is a great deal of difference between saying that the functions of men and women in human society require to be redistributed, and saying that they require to be assimilated. The former I do think; the latter I emphatically do not think. I mean this: that there are many things which men alone do just now which women might do very well. But I am strongly inclined to think that in most of those cases, if the women ought to begin to do them the chances are a hundred to one that the men ought to leave off.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"MEASURE FOR MEASURE." AT THE ADELPHI.

THE current Adelphi revival of "Measure for Measure"—the first, apart from Miss Wallis's suburban production of some years ago, that has been seen in London for nearly a generation—reminds us how much noble poetry and what a splendid, if painful, dramatic idea have herein been long lost to our theatre. The problem on which the play's story turns, like that of M. Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna," which it obviously inspired, is certainly rather strong meat for prudes; but the main weakness of the piece, its repellent happy ending—repellent because nothing but tragedy could come of the dilemma of Isabella, faced with the alternatives of losing her honour or letting her brother die—is likely to be an absolute recommendation with latter-day conventionalists. The real difficulties in the way of the work's securing modern sympathy are the stiff, forbidding lines in which the dramatist has portrayed his three chief protagonists—Angelo, rigid in his grim sensuality; Claudio, brazen in his clinging to life; Isabella, harsh in her nun-like austerity. At the Adelphi the leading players wrestle with this hardness of characterisation by adopting a declamatory style of acting. In the case of Mr. Harcourt Williams, who speaks Claudio's beautiful lines on Death with deep feeling as well as perfect enunciation, and again in the case of Mr. Oscar Asche, who combines restraint with resonance in his delivery of the sinister Angelo's speeches, this method succeeds very well. Miss Lily Brayton, however, while charming as ever in her comedy scenes, forces the tragic note too soon, and so, in Isabella's tirades, fails to win conviction. The text, of necessity bowdlerised, has been discreetly adapted by Mr. Asche, and the whole production, adequately cast and unextravagantly mounted, is one more triumph for Mr. Otho Stuart's management.

"THE HEIR-AT-LAW." AT THE WALDORF.

Last week in the playhouses was a week of revivals, but there would be less complaint of revivals if they all provided such an exquisite piece of portraiture as Mr. Cyril Maude's impersonation of Dr. Pangloss which adorns the Waldorf reproduction of Colman's old comedy, "The Heir-at-Law." It is a case of "Down pride! Down stubborn knees!" with Dr. Pangloss; "mammon leads" him "on" when he consents to be bear-leader of a would-be fashionable young roysterer and has to indulge in all sorts of reckless antics to please his patron. The varying fortunes of this amiable sycophant (made so famous by the late J. S. Clarke's rendering) are depicted by Mr. Maude with the happiest humour and yet without a touch of extravagance; his Dr. Pangloss, indeed, may be held to be one of his most brilliant old-men studies. Other figures in the old-fashioned, homely story, which deals with a missing heir, and exalted tradesfolk, and tearful, lovelorn maidens, have admirable representatives at the Waldorf in Mr. Harry Nicholls, Mr. E. W. Garden, Mr. G. M. Graham, Miss Mary Brough, and Miss Janet Alexander.

"THE CANDIDATE." AT WYNDHAM'S.

Once upon a time "The Candidate" seemed a very merry farce. That was in 1885. Now it appears to have lost most of its sparkle. Mr. Huntly McCarthy has tried hard to bring its topical jokes up to date by substituting "Tariff Reform" for "Home Rule" and poking fun at the Labour Party. But, alas! the whole scheme of this Bisson adaptation is quite hackneyed by this time, and is too slow-moving for our go-ahead days. Sir Charles Wyndham resumes his old rôle of the peer who, bored by his mother-in-law in the country, sends his secretary electioneering while he revels in London gaiety, but really the part does not give him many opportunities. He is as alert as ever, and rattles glibly through his lines. But Sir Charles is rather hampered, and the whole interpretation suffers from the heavy, deadly-serious style in which Mr. Dennis Eadie represents the secretary. Among the best of the minor performances at Wyndham's is that of Mr. Rutland Barrington, who portrays very amusingly a greedy and hypocritical parson.

"THE MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S." AT THE HAYMARKET.

There is no denying that, laughable as is Mr. Anstey's farce, "The Man from Blankley's," now revived at the Haymarket, its more grotesque characters make up an impossible collection of freaks. One of the dozen strange dinner-guests that Lord Strathpeffer met in Suburbia he might well have run across; but he could never have found the full dozen eccentrics all seated at the same table. This extravagance of humorous conception apart, the piece well bears revival. Its satire at the expense of suburban sham culture, sham manners, and glorious snobbishness is still pungent, and its story of the young peer who, calling at the wrong house, was mistaken for a hired guest, and discovered an old sweetheart in the despised governess, makes some very pretty and humorous situations. His old part of the nonchalant and bewildered peer is admirably suited to Mr. Charles Hawtreys's personality; some of the more conspicuous of the freaks are presented once more in just the proper mode of caricature by Mr. Kemble, Mr. Holman Clarke, Mr. Aubrey Fitzgerald, and Miss Fanny Brough; and Mr. Weedon Grossmith, making much out of little, is inimitably droll in the rôle of the fussy host, Montague Tidmarsh.

"CAPTAIN BRASSBOUND'S CONVERSION." AT THE COURT.

Did it not contain two of the most subtly observed and entertaining of Mr. Bernard Shaw's stage characters, his comedy of "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," with its spurious Morocco atmosphere, would probably strike playgoers as a rather second-hand piece of work. It is a burlesque, like most Shaw plays, of a hackneyed dramatic form, in this instance romantic melodrama. It has Mr. Shaw's customary didactic purpose, and, being written in his pre-Nietzschean, Tolstolian days, protests against the foolishness of the

punishment of crime, holds up an English Judge to ridicule, and shows how a whole crowd of rough fellows can be managed by a tactful and smiling woman. But the whole machinery of the buccaneer's crew and Moorish bandits has an amateurish and laboured aspect, and the fun is oftener heavy than light. Fortunately Lady Cecily, the most womanly of all Mr. Shaw's feminine creations, and a perfect example of that magnetic type of woman who always gets her own way; and again the ineffable Drinkwater, as ruthless and yet amusing a study of the debased Cockney as even Stevenson's Huish, are independent of their environment, and redeem its artificiality. It is no secret that Mr. Shaw devised the part of Lady Cecily for Ellen Terry, and obviously no one could so well express the coaxing, wheedling charm and the ebullient gaiety of this gracious creature as Miss Terry herself, the very incarnation of radiant, high-spirited, triumphant womanhood. She is able at length to realise the playwright's idea, and quite fulfils anticipations. Almost as good a performance as hers is Mr. Gwenn's in the role of Drinkwater; while Mr. Kerr shows due truculence as the bold buccaneer whom Lady Cecily so easily fascinates.

MUSIC.

AMONG last week's concerts one recalls with pleasure the pianoforte recital given at the Bechstein Hall by Madame Frickenhaus. A player who has long enjoyed the public favour, Madame Frickenhaus is not a pianist who takes you by storm, nor one of those whose reading of music is either violently emotional or the expression of an unconventional temperament. And yet she manages without personal magnetism to make her readings very attractive, perhaps by reason of their obvious sincerity of purpose, combined with a thorough knowledge and a pleasing technical quality. Moreover, one is indebted to Madame Frickenhaus for choosing work that is not too hackneyed. The Weber Sonata in G minor, for example, which was most capably interpreted, is not heard too often. Some charming compositions by Mr. Percival Garratt, who seems to have a marked feeling for Slavonic music, and one or two distinctly pleasing pieces by Mr. J. H. Moore, came as novelties to most of us. Miss Perceval Allen sang with her usual measure of taste and sound appreciation for the literary significance of her songs, and Miss Beatrice Formby, a promising young violinist, played Wagner's "Albunblatt" and Wieniawski's "Airs Russes."

A very large audience assembled to hear Elgar's fine oratorio, "The Dream of Gerontius," at the Albert Hall last week, and it speaks well for the composition that it rose superior to its surroundings. Obviously, it is not written for a huge concert-hall and a gaily dressed gathering of men and women; it belongs by right to the cathedral, being full of delicacy in thought and treatment that cannot be expressed to the best advantage save under special conditions. Indeed, the broader effects were sometimes lost; the "Chorus of Demons," for example, being comparatively ineffective, though it contains some of the cleverest writing in the score. Cardinal Newman's poem, completely out of touch as it is with modern thought, has served, nevertheless, to bring our most modern English composer of note to the point of his greatest achievement, and throughout the oratorio skill and beauty go hand in hand. From the exquisitely wrought prelude down to the final "Amen" "The Dream of Gerontius" is a master work, and the failure of certain passages to be completely effective was due rather to the size of the concert-hall than to any shortcoming in the work itself.

The interpretation of Elgar's work left little to be desired. Sir Frederick Bridge, even though his gifts do not reach quite as far as the conductor's desk, has a masterly understanding of the score, and the choir seemed delighted with the task of interpreting their part of it. Mr. William Green, after mastering a certain hesitation, sang the Gerontius music well, and Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies was heard at his best as the Priest and the Angel of the Agony, both giving the fullest reasonable dramatic significance to their work. Madame Kirkby Lunn gave us the music of the Angel in fashion that seemed to give added distinction, if that be possible, to a part that is already distinguished. In short, the whole performance was quite satisfactory when once we can forget that the oratorio did not seem quite at home in its surroundings.

The Bach Choir announces two orchestral concerts at Queen's Hall—a number of selections on Monday, April 2, and the immortal Mass in B minor on Wednesday next.

On Monday night the programme of the ninth concert of the London Symphony Orchestra included Strauss's "Zarathustra," and Bach's third Brandenburg Concerto, one following the other. It was left to Dr. Richter to reconcile the two works that stood together in order of performance, while they are removed from one another by so many years of orchestral development. Not all the great conductor's gifts availed. "Zarathustra" is compact of every musical vice save dullness, and even our respect for the composer's technical gifts cannot make "Zarathustra" fit company for the third Brandenburg Concerto or the "Coriolan" Overture.

Taking for his text "Some matters which affect singers and those who hear them," Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies, whose book, "The Singing of the Future," is one of the notable modern contributions to the literature of music, preached an excellent sermon to the Concert-goers last Friday week. He had less to say about singing than about life and conduct, but, after all, these are more interesting topics and offer even wider scope for a man of Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies's attainments. To make up for a paper in which questions relating directly to singers and singing bore the same relation to irrelevant matter that the bread bore to the sack in Falstaff's famous tavern bill, the lecturer sang, as few save he can sing, when his discourse was ended. Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies has high ideals, and his protest against what is merely sensuous and sentimental in singing was well timed, but rather too long drawn out. Mrs. Rosa Newmarch was in the chair.

DANTE AND BEATRICE.

(See Supplement.)

DANTE, exiled in life from the city of his birth and his love, inhabits Florence to-day as no living man inhabits it. So, too, denied a contemporary association with Beatrice, his name and hers are immortally wedded. As he would have wished us, we who come after him, at a distance of seven hundred and fifty years, place his love for Beatrice in childhood, in maturity, and in death at the head of the story of his life and of his poetry. He was the father of "fair love," and the debt which modern England owes to him is not exhausted when all has been said about his own immediate work. Dante Gabriel Rossetti was of his line in something more than in name, and Coventry Patmore, a true disciple, in his "Unknown Eros," invokes Dante's as the divinest of all poets' names. English artists no less than English poets have been lured to the theme; and as in Mr. Holiday's picture, so also on the canvases of Rossetti, Beatrice has kept company with the poet who worshipped her. She is a girl, as Mr. Holiday sees her, and she strolls down the Lungarno with her gay companions, little heeding the looker-on, who languished for love of her, yet would not forego one of his renunciations, one of his pangs. When he first met her, at a festival at the house of her father, he was very young, and she a year younger; and it was love at first sight. He all but fainted under the emotion of that moment, an emotion which had not worn out when he came to die, although Beatrice Portinari had become another's wife, and the mother of many children; and Dante himself, after her death, had married Gemma Donati, by whom he had five sons and one daughter, whom he named Beatrice, who became a nun. Through exile and through marriage, Dante never effaced the image of Beatrice from his heart, and at her death, he suffered so much that it seemed he must himself die. But his life was necessary for the immortalising of Beatrice, and to that end he lived. The "Divina Commedia" is called by him "the sacred poem to which both Heaven and earth have lent a hand." The destiny of the human race is interpreted by his own; and he chronicles his own struggles "with the wanderings of his understanding, with the fire of the poet, with the fury of his passions."

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THE WORLD'S NEWS.

Togo's Sailors in London.

In connection with the launching of two new Japanese men-of-war, the *Iyo Maru* arrived in the Thames on Saturday morning last with 32 officers and 582 men of the Imperial Japanese Navy, an easterly gale having cost the vessel considerable delay. The men proceeded to Greenwich on two London County Council steamers, where they were welcomed by the Mayor, who accompanied them in state to the Royal Naval Club. Then they had tea, re-embarked, and proceeded up the Thames for a view of London. On Monday a part of the company visited St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, and witnessed the three o'clock performance at the Coliseum. In the evening they were entertained at the Alhambra. In the meantime the remainder of the men were entertained by the British and Foreign Sailors' Society at Commercial Road. On Tuesday the programme was reversed, so that those who had been in one direction on the previous day could enjoy the other part of the programme. On Wednesday the Tower of London and the Crystal Palace were the special attractions. In the meantime, the Lord Mayor has entertained the officers at the Mansion House, and messages from the Queen, the Prime Minister, and the Wardens of some of the City Companies have expressed to our visitors the keen interest we take in their welfare. There can be no doubt but that this unexpected entertainment will have the happiest effect in strengthening the friendly relations between the naval services of both countries. It is perhaps unfortunate that our friends have had to experience London at its worst, but that is the fate that befalls the most of our visitors, to say nothing of the residents.

Portraits.

Herr Karl Heinrich von Siemens, who died on March 23, was one of the famous brothers Siemens, whose inventive ingenuity has done so much for electrical enterprise, and

who, between them, built up one of the finest electrical businesses in the world. He himself, it must be confessed, had less to do with the inventive side of his profession than had some of his brothers, but that he did much admirable work in co-operation with them is certain. He it was who laid the telegraph lines throughout Russia, was in

THE LATE HERR K. H. VON SIEMENS,
Eminent Electrician.

charge of the laying of the direct United States cable, and, in the ship *Faraday*, first drew up the broken end of the cable from the depths of the North Atlantic. Herr Karl von Siemens was born in 1829, and was a sixth son.

The Committee of Inquiry which is to proceed to South Africa to consider the Constitution of the Transvaal and Orange River Colonies is to be composed of Sir J. West Ridgeway (Chairman), Lord Sandhurst, Sir Francis Hopwood, and Colonel Johnston, R.E.

Sir Joseph West Ridgeway is a Privy Councillor and a distinguished soldier and statesman. He served in the Afghan War of 1879-80, and for the four years thereafter he was Under-Secretary to the Government of India in the Foreign Department. In 1885 he was Commissioner for fixing the Afghan Frontier. In 1886-7 he was in St. Petersburg on special duty, and in

Lord Sandhurst is the second Baron, and is descended from Sir James Mansfield, Lord Chief Justice. He was born in 1855, and was educated at Rugby. He entered the Coldstream Guards, and retired as a Lieutenant in 1879. Among his offices have been those of Lord-in-Waiting, Under-Secretary for War,

The new Italian Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, the Marquis Tittoni, is no stranger in this country. He is an Oxford man, and when he was Italian Foreign Secretary he attended King Victor Emmanuel on his visit to England. The Marquis, who is just over fifty years of age, has reached the foremost rank of diplomacy comparatively early.

Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, who, it is reported, has been appointed Norwegian Minister to the Court of St. James's, needs no introduction to Great Britain, although he has been known here less as diplomat than as explorer. His famous journey Farthest North was made in 1893-96, but before that he had been to the Greenland Sea and across Greenland. He has been curator in the Natural History Museum, Bergen, and in the Museum of Comparative Anatomy, Christiania University, and Professor of Zoology in Christiania University. He was born in 1861, the son of a well-known Norwegian lawyer, and married Miss Eva Sars, the eminent singer, in 1889.

Ras Makonnen, the famous Abyssinian General, whose death was announced from Jibuti on March 23, was Viceroy of Harar, and was one of the most picturesque of the many picturesque personages who witnessed the King's Coronation, which he attended as the representative of the Emperor Menelik. He held very high rank in his

own country, for he was nephew to its ruler, and was generally looked upon as the successor to the throne, although he laid no official claim to it. Young at the time of his death—he was probably under forty—he had seen much war service, and he was Menelik's chief man in the war with Italy. He paid his first visit to Europe some eighteen years ago, when he went as an envoy to Italy.

Baron de Sousa Deiró, the founder of the Anglo-Portuguese Chamber of Commerce, is the Consul for Brazil in Manchester. As a youth he came to that city to learn the shipping business, and in 1900 he found himself head of the firm of Goodwin, Ferreira, and Company. The Baron is a man of great energy, and took the lead in founding the Anglo-Portuguese Chamber of Commerce in the United Kingdom. Of that body he is President.

Parliament.

In the House of Commons, Mr. Murphy moved that the provision for Education in Ireland in all its branches is insufficient and unsatisfactory. Professor Butcher wished that Roman Catholics could mingle with other students at Trinity College, as they did at Oxford and Cambridge.

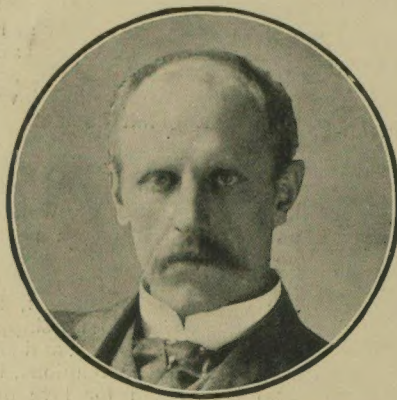
Sir Edward Carson said that he would rather lose his seat than oppose the Irish demand for University education. Mr. Wyndham promised not to embarrass the Chief Secretary should he attempt to deal with the question. Mr. Bryce thought it would be a good thing to encourage among Irish children a patriotic interest in their native tongue. There was not a branch of Irish education that was satisfactory.

The Second Reading of the Land Values (Scotland) Bill elicited from Mr. Harold Cox the cry that it was founded upon confiscation and robbery. Nevertheless it was approved by a majority of 258, though lack of time prevented the Bill from being sent to the Grand Committee on Law.

Monday was a Labour revel. Leave was given to Mr. Gladstone to introduce his Workmen's Compensation Bill, which differs from that of 1897 by including all classes of workmen who are not expressly excluded, instead of excluding all who are not expressly included.



MARQUIS TITTONI,
New Italian Ambassador.



DR. FRIDTJOF NANSEN,
New Norwegian Minister.

THE NEW DIPLOMATISTS AT ST. JAMES'S.

and Governor of Bombay. He succeeded his father, the first Baron Sandhurst, in 1876.

Sir Francis John Stephens Hopwood, K.C.B., has

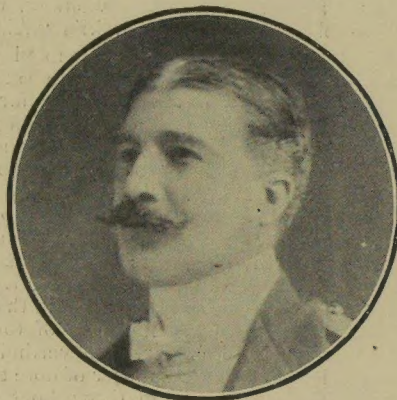


Photo. Lafayette, London.

THE LATE RAS MAKONNEN.

Famous Abyssinian General, and next-of-kin to Menelik.

been Permanent Secretary to the Board of Trade since 1901. He is one of the leading authorities on trade affairs, and has a special knowledge of railway and



BARON DE SOUSA DEIRÓ,
Founder of Anglo-Portuguese Chamber
of Commerce.



Photo. Russell.
SIR JOSEPH WEST RIDGEWAY.

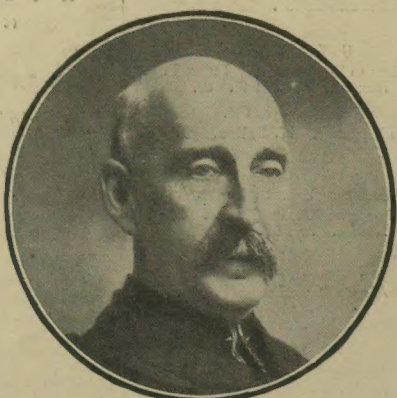


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
COLONEL DUNCAN A. JOHNSTON.

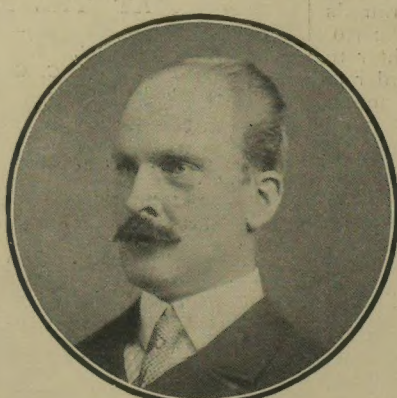


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SIR FRANCIS HOPWOOD.

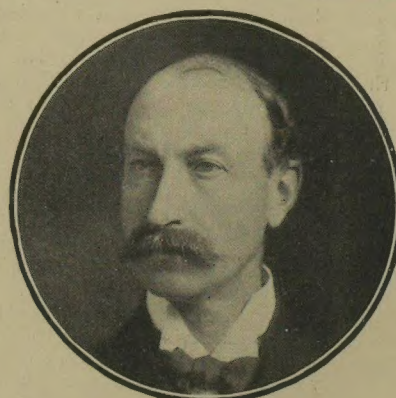


Photo. Elliott and Fry
LORD SANDHURST.

THE COMMITTEE OF INQUIRY INTO THE TRANSVAAL AND ORANGE RIVER CONSTITUTIONS.

the latter year was Under-Secretary for Ireland. In 1892-3 he was Envoy Extraordinary to the Sultan of Morocco. Since that time he has been Governor of the Isle of Man and Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Ceylon. He was promoted Colonel for distinguished service in the field.

canal traffic. He is, indeed, one of the members of the Waterways Commission.

The fourth member of the Committee, Colonel Duncan Alexander Johnston, entered the Royal Engineers in 1868, and since 1899 has been Director-General of the Ordnance Survey.

Compensation is to be extended to those employed in workshops and transport services, to fishermen, postmen, seamen, and also those affected by industrial diseases, such as an anthrax and mercury poisoning. Mr. Barnes and Mr. Akers-Douglas were among those who welcomed the Bill. Mr. Chamberlain wished to

THE HOPE OF RUSSIA:

PHOTOGRAPH BY HAHN,



THE INFANT TSAREVITCH.

TSARSKOE SELO.



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF THE TSAREVITCH ALEXIS.

The heir to the Russian throne was born on August 12, 1904, at the very darkest moment of the fortunes of Russia during the war with Japan. At the time of his birth, this Journal was rash enough to remark that the Tsar might find in his son some consolation for the troubles that beset him; but the Russian Censor appreciated our amiability so little that he blacked out the entire article, as he will probably do when he reads this note also. The photograph itself is sufficient proof of how admirably the Tsarevitch has thriven in adversity, although this week there was a rumour that he was seriously ill. The picture was taken at Tsarskoe Selo at the express wish of the Empress.



Photo-Nouvelles.

A FRENCH WOMAN-AGITATOR: A STRIKE SCENE AT LENS.

During the strikes which have followed the Courrières disaster a prominent part has been taken by Madame Sorgues. She is here photographed in a street at Lens pleading for the release of Brontchoux, one of the chief strike leaders. Brontchoux formed an association to counteract the influence of the Minister of the Interior.



Photo. Underwood.

THE KAISER'S ONLY DAUGHTER: AN UNUSUAL SNAP-SHOT.

Princess Victoria, who bears the name of her illustrious great-grandmother, has been snap-shotted, perhaps for the first time, as she was walking in the streets of Berlin. Her Royal Highness often appears thus in public, but she gives very few chances to the ubiquitous photographer.

extend its application to domestic servants, so as to include the large houses in Park Lane, of which they had lately heard so much.

Mr. W. F. D. Smith opposed the second reading of the London County Council Electric Supply Bill, which he said, was entirely regardless of financial considerations. This scheme included three times the area for which the L.C.C. were responsible. The L.C.C. had, so far, given no evidence of the qualities necessary to push so great a commercial undertaking. Mr. McKinnon Wood claimed that the object of the L.C.C. was to get rid of private monopoly. Mr. Lloyd George supported the second reading on the understanding that the Bill would be referred to a hybrid Committee, with a *locus standi* to all those who had petitioned against it. This compromise disarmed the Opposition.

In the House of Lords, Lord Newton declared that the administration of the Aliens Act by the Home Secretary had reduced it to a farce. The Earl of Halsbury thought that Mr. Gladstone's instruction was contrary to the Act, exceeded his authority, and was an outrage upon the ordinary observation of the law. Lord Fitzmaurice, in defending the action of the Government, dilated on the complaints which the Foreign Office received on account of the cruelties that had arisen under the Act.

The Akabah Incident. Between Arabia and the peninsula of Sinai lies the Gulf of Akabah, known to few British subjects save those who venture far afield in the pursuit of trade, and to the sailors who patrol the pirate-stricken approaches to the Red Sea. It is a part of Asia wherein the Turk exercises his diminishing control with extreme jealousy, and the domination of Great Britain is regarded with considerable suspicion. Akabah is the headquarters of the Turkish troops who watch the Turko-Egyptian frontier, and certain of these troops have crossed the frontier to Tabah, where they remain in spite of the vigorous protests that Sir Nicholas O'Connor has made to the Sultan in Constantinople. A British



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

THE FIRST PLOVERS' EGGS OF THE SEASON.

The eggs were discovered last week at Eastbourne, and were sent to London, where they fetched £3 3s. A hen's egg is placed beside them for comparison.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE INTER-UNIVERSITY CABLE CHESS MATCH: THE ENGLISH TEAM.

The match took place on March 24 in the Inns of Court Hotel, London, and Professor Rice's house, New York. The teams represented Oxford and Cambridge, and Pennsylvania, Cornell, and Brown Universities. Oxford won two games, America won two, and the other two were drawn, the whole ending in a draw. The Rice trophy was thus retained by England.

cruiser is in the neighbourhood, and the unfortunate Turkish soldiers can be shelled out of their position with little difficulty, but the incident is one that causes considerable unrest, because it is no part of British policy to have serious trouble with the Commander of the Faithful at a time when Germany is regarded in many quarters as the protector of Islam against Europe.

South African Troubles. Lord Milner's admitted mistake in accepting the suggestion as to corporal punishment for coolies engaged on the Rand mines at the instance of Mr. Evans, the "Official Protector" of the Chinese, came up for discussion last week in the House of Commons, in connection with a resolution of disapproval that was not accepted by the Government. After Mr. Chamberlain had recalled Lord Beaconsfield's declaration that great services to the State are not cancelled by one mistake, Mr. Churchill remarked on behalf of the Government that Lord Milner had served the country strenuously, faithfully, and disinterestedly. "After twenty years of exhausting service under the Crown, he is to-day a retired Civil servant without pension or gratuity of any kind whatever." The Under-Secretary for the Colonies went on to propose the amendment to the vote of censure in the following form: "That this House, while recording its condemnation of the flogging of Chinese coolies in breach of the law, desires in the interests of peace and conciliation in South Africa to refrain from passing censure upon individuals." The amended resolution has excited extraordinary interest in Great Britain and Africa. The House of Lords has taken action in the matter, and probably will have recorded its complete faith in Lord Milner by the time these lines are printed. The appeal of Sir Bartle Frere, son of the great statesman, who worked so hard and not without rebuke in South Africa in the early 'eighties, lends another dramatic touch to an incident that will be voted regrettable by men of all shades of political opinion.



Photo, Campbell-Gray.

THE JAPANESE SAILORS ENTERTAINED AT THE COLISEUM TEA-ROOMS.

TOGO'S HEROES IN LONDON: A TEA-PARTY AND A CHAR-À-BANC DRIVE.

The Japanese sailors began their drive through London from Liverpool Street Station, where they had a most enthusiastic reception from the crowds of workers who thronged that terminus. On both days of their visit three hundred bluejackets were entertained at the Coliseum, and had tea afterwards in the Coliseum Terrace Tea-rooms.



Photo Park.

THE JAPANESE SAILORS LEAVING LIVERPOOL STREET STATION.

KING EDWARD'S INTEREST IN THE BASQUE NATIONAL GAME: A PELOTA MATCH.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

The King.

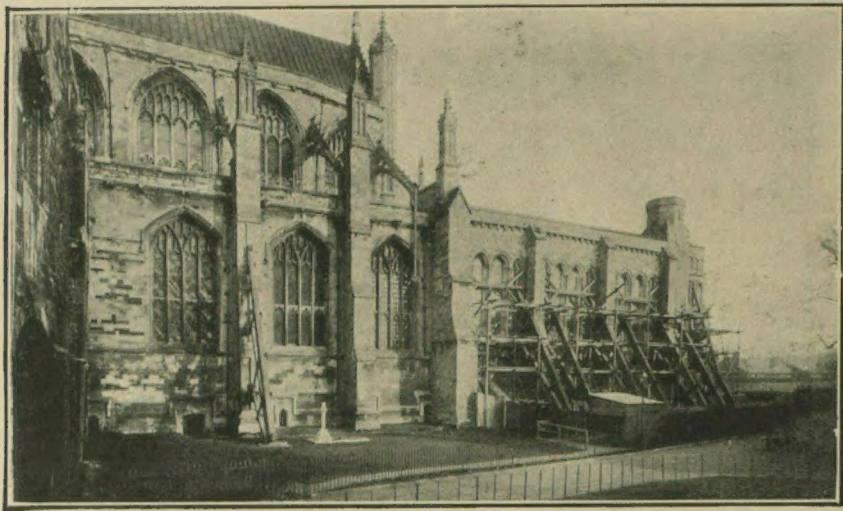


THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, MARCH 31, 1906.—447

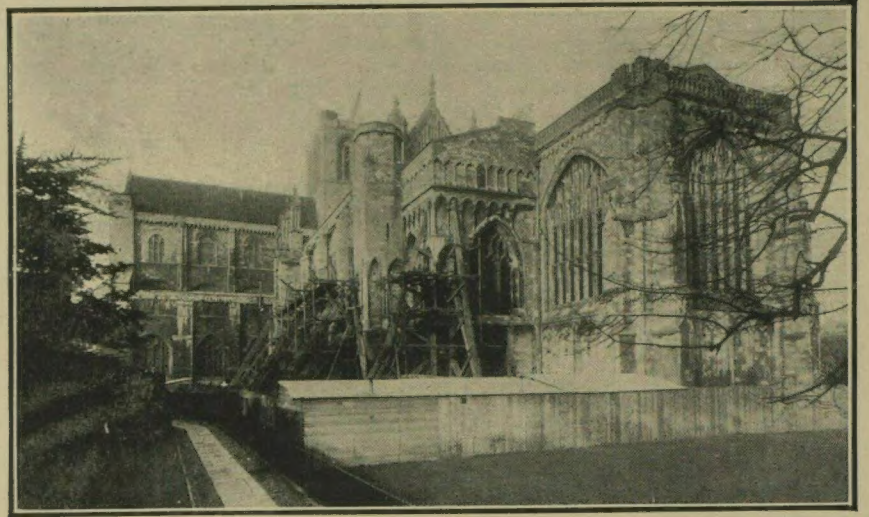
THE OLDEST EUROPEAN RACE AT PLAY: BASQUE TEAMS PLAYING PELOTA IN THE PRESENCE OF HIS MAJESTY AT SARE.

The Basques, a remnant of the Turanian stock, are the oldest race in Europe. Their national game, Pelota, is in some respects similar to racquets or "fives." A ball weighing five ounces is struck with the chistera, a scoop-like wicker basket strapped to each player's wrist. The ball is served and returned from side to side either at the volley or at the bounce. The King was fortunate enough to see some very fine play at Sare. Pelota was first played in England on January 4 of this year, when a match took place at Olympia.

BUILDINGS DESTROYED BY TIME, CHANGE, AND TEMPEST.



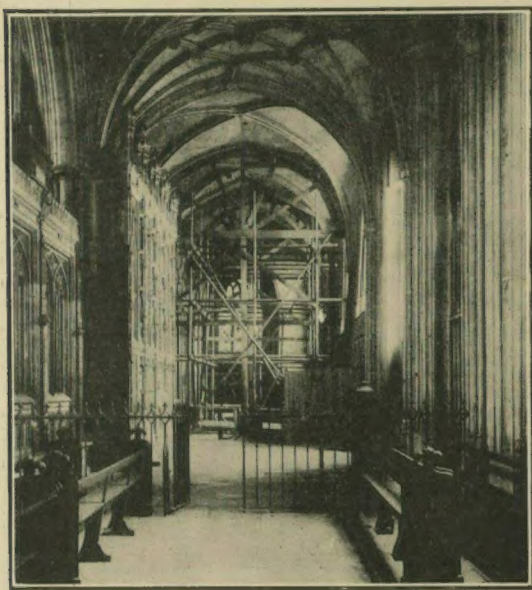
THE GREAT SHORING ON THE SOUTH WALL OF THE PRESBYTERY.



THE SOUTH AND SOUTH-EAST WALLS OF THE PRESBYTERY.

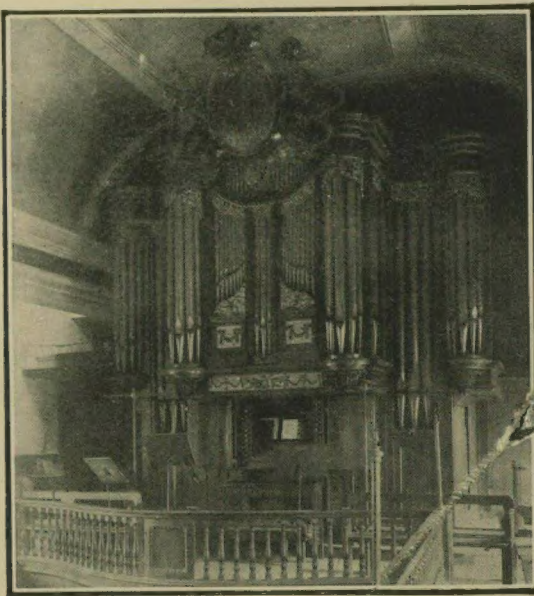
A CATHEDRAL IN SPLINTS: TOTTERING WINCHESTER, SAVED ONLY BY ITS SCAFFOLDING.

The dilapidation of Winchester Cathedral is much greater than was at first believed, and had the scaffolding for preliminary repairs not been put up some months ago, experts believe that the minster would ere this have suffered irreparable damage. At first £8000 was named as the sum required to make the building safe. It is now doubtful whether £30,000 will be enough.



INTERIOR SHORING OF THE PRESBYTERY ROOF, WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

The great difficulty is to secure the fabric without injuring the Cathedral architecturally; but no expense should be spared to save this precious national monument. Subscriptions should be intimated to the Dean.



THE ORGAN OF THE SARDINIAN CHAPEL.



THE ALTAR OF THE SARDINIAN CHAPEL.

A VICTIM OF KINGSWAY: THE SARDINIAN CHAPEL, SARDINIA STREET. SOON TO BE DEMOLISHED.

The ancient chapel of the Sardinian Ambassadors is to be removed among the Kingsway demolitions. The chapel is dedicated to St. Anselm and St. Cecilia, and it was wrecked by the mob in the Gordon Riots in 1780. Its original foundation dates from the sixteenth century. The altar stone was formerly a portion of Glastonbury Abbey. The Chapel in 1878 gave its name to what was formerly Duke Street. There the Judges used to assemble for the famous Red Mass.



DEBRIS OF HOUSES AFTER THE CYCLONE IN PAPEETE.



CENTRE STREET AFTER IT WAS SWEEPED BY THE SEA.



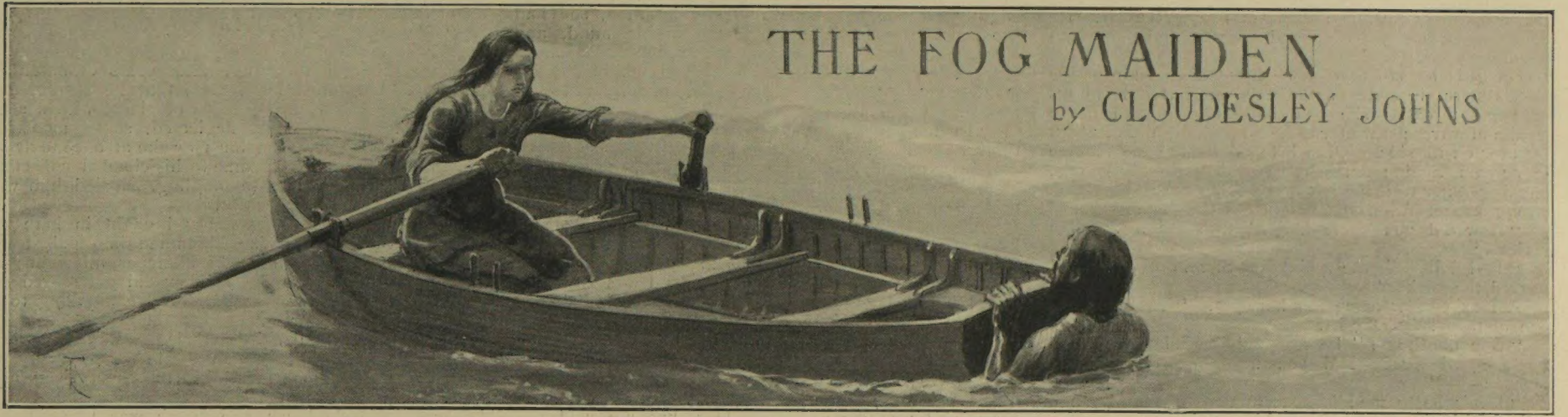
RUINS OF A FACTORY.



THE SIDE OF THE POST OFFICE AFTER THE CYCLONE.

THE HAVOC WROUGHT BY THE CYCLONE IN PAPEETE, SOCIETY ISLANDS.

From Tahiti come photographs of the havoc wrought by the great cyclone of February 7 and 8, described in a former number. In addition to the tremendous wind-storm, the sea rose to a great height and swept the town, carrying away houses and leaving desolation where formerly had been busy streets and well-cultivated gardens.



THE FOG MAIDEN

by CLOUDESLEY JOHNS

ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

SOMETHING screamed—the weird cry of a storm-driven sea-bird, perhaps. The abalone-gatherers stared disquieted into the thinning grey smother to seaward, and two of them said “Dam!” disgustedly, half-heartedly, and turned to glare in sullen reproach at Oran (“Orne” they called him). They had seen nothing, but they knew Oran had—it was always so when the fog lifted and thickened by turns where the black promontory pierced it, and disturbing sounds came in from the hidden sea: that was one of their chief grievances against him.

The mist-wreaths drifted in again; even the white froth where the waves broke loudly against the rocky bank was hidden.

“Well, Orne, what do you think you saw this time?” croaked Brad Drace, dully resentful.

“This is no white man’s job,” complained Peter Mozee irrelevantly; “‘tain’t fit for none but a dam Chinaman.” . . . Drace scowled darkly and the reptilian little man hastened to add, “I didn’t mean nothin’ about *him*—”

“Shut up!” grunted Drace.

Mozee mumbled a wordless apology, abject, cringing in tone, and went on, aloud, with his complaint:

“I’m goin’ to chuck it, come Sat’d’ay. This is Sunday, ain’t it, Orne? You all’s knows.”

“I see it still,” Oran answered Drace at last, earnestly, turning from the smothered sea to look into the big man’s sombre eyes. “A boat; and— I don’t know. Haven’t you ever seen it at all, Brad?”

The big man winced, turning away, and swore savagely.

“Sunday, ain’t it?” insisted Mozee, querulously. “Say, Orne, ain’t it Sunday?”

“What?” Oran turned slowly, fixing wide expressionless eyes on the little man, as if newly awakened from a dream-filled sleep. “Yes, oh, yes: Monday. Why?”

“I’m goin’ to chuck it Sat’d’ay,” announced Mozee again.

Drace laughed cynically. “Why do you always put it Saturday?” he jeered. “Put it ‘Sunday’ for a change, or ‘Christmas,’ or something. We’ll all chuck the sickly graft when we get any gumption, and we’re getting less and less every day, what with the fogs and the screeching sea things; and Orne here with his spooks, and you, you crawling little sneak, with your dough head and your damned everlasting ‘Sat’d’ay!’”

“There!” cried Oran. “Look, Brad! Look!”

“Hell!” muttered Brad.

The fog was thicker than ever; only in one place it seemed to be opening, or as if it had partly opened for an instant; and even as Brad Drace looked it became like all the rest of that grey curtain that lay thickly over the booming sea.

“I know it was!” Oran’s voice shrilled thinly through the fog. He kicked off his boots. “I’m going!” he shouted.

“You crazy lunatic!” ejaculated Brad, reaching for him; but Oran was gone over the bank, and Brad Drace shrank back from the edge as if he feared the hard, black rock might crumble and hurl him down where the white foam now shone luminously, dotted with dark spots.

Mozee fell on his knees with a sob of overwhelming fear, and grovelled to the grey universe. “I ain’t goin’ to stay here no more!” he whimpered. “I’m goin’ to chuck it to-morrow.”

“Christmas,” corrected Brad Drace grimly. “Maybe when I get clean crazy I’ll have the grit to go the way Orne’s gone. But you—you scaly little lizard!—you’ll crawl a squeal around the rocks here till somebody comes and digs and takes you away to hang.”

Mozee screeched eerily. “You can’t say I had anything to do with it! I—”

“I’ll not be here to say anything—or it would be all right. . . . But you’ll squirm and stutter and squeal if anybody ever comes, and make them think—”

Through the fog, from far away, came again the uncanny sea-bird cry, and then a faint shout. Brad started and stared seaward.

“He’s missed that nest of rocks and swum the breakers?” he gasped. “The tide’s setting out,” he muttered a little later. “When I do it, sane or crazy, it’ll be on the flood. And what will you do then, you whining pup? You ain’t got brains enough to go crazy with, nor grit to go over the bank even if you were. And I’m going, I tell you!”—his gruff voice broke and mounted to a hoarse falsetto. “I wouldn’t look close this time, nor tell Orne, but a week ago, when the fog was like this day after day, I saw his spook boat. . . . And I’ll see it again! . . . But when I’m crazy I’ll remember. . . . On the flooding tide!”

Oran, in the abalone camp, had at times doubted his own sanity. The causes and manner of the fore-gathering on that bleak promontory of jagged black rock were not of a sort to bring mental serenity or comforting mutual interest to the trio.

It happened one fog-drenched morning in January. Oran, sick with discouragement and helpless rage against fate, fleeing futilely from shadows whose substance he bore within himself, fell in with Mozee. Peter Mozee had spent many years, always careful in his faint-heartedness to remain safely within the law, trying to gain wealth by watching for and seizing every petty advantage he might take in dealing with his fellows: and he had chosen the wrong community to operate in. He gained little beyond the distrust and loathing of the folk he thought to fleece. Finally, he had found it necessary to leave the scene of his endeavours with no money and little of the putrid ambition to “better himself” that had urged him to effort before. Oran Latimer was seeking a wilderness; Peter Mozee yearned for the companionship of some person as hopeless as himself, and, meeting by accident, they went on together. By chance, moved here and there like buffeted fog-wreaths in the wind, they came to the black promontory on that grey January morning, where they found Brad Drace and a dead Chinaman. The Chinaman had just been murdered by Drace: Mozee never knew why, and Oran did not till long afterwards.

The murdered Celestial had gathered abalones; the three Caucasians, thrown together here, concluded to remain and gather abalones. Two of them soon learned where to search, but Drace never ceased to explore strange places, where abalones could not be, and seemed bitterly disappointed at never finding them there.

It was a cheerless, lonely place, what with the incessant moan of the sea and the awfulness of miles and miles of ragged black rocks for a coast; and the three men were lonely together. Whatever saving mutual interest they might have developed in other circumstances was destroyed in embryo by the state of their respective minds when they took up their dwelling together.

Oran’s feeling for his companions became, in one case, passive disgust; uneasy dislike, tempered with respect, in the other. There was repressed menace in Brad Drace’s manner toward both his companions, with contempt added for Peter Mozee. Mozee’s whole effort seemed to be directed toward effecting easy familiarity with the others: to Oran he was servile and insolent; toward Drace, servile and as insolent as he dared to be.

Sorry as were their relations, in two months they had grown so necessary to each other that the death or departure of any one would have been felt by the others as the loss of a friend.

Of the three, Oran was most lonely, and the others, feeling this, were filled with resentment, each according to his kind: Mozee was waspishly, spitefully suspicious; Drace was suspicious, brooding, sullen, but affecting good-natured scorn.

And they existed together five months in their abalone camp, these three, till Oran went away, over the black cliff and white foam, to the moaning sea.

II.

A drowning man does not review in detail the events of his life; besides a sense of awful strangulation and the malignant power of death, his mind may hold some fragment shreds of thought which he unconsciously expands and interprets in the age-long return from infinite darkness—if he lives; and the dead do not report sensations to the world.

But a man who by-and-by is going to drown will meditate on the incidents of some momentous episode in his career. So it was with Oran Latimer.

The water was warm, yet he shivered, for his mind crept back through the fog that lay over the waters, to dwell in awe on the base of the cliff behind, where the waves washed through a bristle of raggedly sharp black points; and Oran’s mind was filled with fright at the thought of the peril he had passed as by a miracle. All the time, in an undercurrent of quieter thought, he knew he must drown. That death could not impress him strongly just now, for he was too much occupied with thoughts of his amazing escape from being torn to pieces on the saw-toothed rocks. Nothing immediately menaced him now; so long as he should swim no harm could come. He breathed a great sigh of relief at being ungashed and alive in the soft warm water, carried gently along by the tide, with scarcely an effort required to keep him afloat. His mind leaped back across the time of the abalone camp to the point in his life where the intolerable shadows had begun to darken swiftly (the shadows that had pursued and dwelt with him on

the sea-lashed promontory. . . . And he had left them there). Point by point he followed the path of agonised despondency, and laughed a little, silently, at the causes of his despair—for they seemed almost trivial after the horror of loneliness in the presence of men, and the culminating flare of madness in the abalone camp. The phantom fog-boat was always present, drifting through his thoughts, but seemed a phantom now, and he wondered at his conviction of its reality.

Oran’s train of meditation came once more to his mad leap where the waters churned themselves into foam, and again he shuddered, again relieved by a sense of peacefulness and comfort, upborne by the gentle moving water. By-and-by he must drown, to be sure, but now he had escaped from his shadows and the loneliness and the black fangs of rocky jaws into which he had insanely sprung.

His mind was serene and peaceful, but unoccupied, and now it considered the death to come, at first with calm regret that such a happy state must end so soon, and unwillingness grew positive. He must drown, far out in the sea—the great limitless sea—all hidden; he must drown alone in a little circle of water ringed round with a grey, unsubstantial wall, with emptiness beyond; in a well closed even from the sky by a smothering veil of mist.

Oran thought that there had been no peace, that he had been only stunned with dismay, and was but now awakened to the horror of it. He turned with frantic, plunging strokes, and fought the tide, gaining fast in the fresh strength of his swimming. . . . For what?

From shoreward, dully through the dense fog, came the inexorable boom of breakers. . . . The black jaws were yawning for him there.

Oran laughed: the fog was in his throat, and the laugh came thick and grating—a demoniac chuckle. A dash of spray slapped him in the mouth and stopped it.

Oran was drifting, paddling feebly to keep himself afloat, arguing affrightedly to the life that was in him, beseeching it to loose its grip on him and let him sink—now, before exhaustion should conquer him, and make him die more miserably. Life shrank trembling from the suggestion of death, frantically urging the swimmer to swim on. Oran pressed his lips more tightly together, drawing in a deep breath—instinctively—and shot his hands straight up over his head. He came up, his wide eyes filmy, glaring in the feeble light. Again he sank. Salt water burned his throat. Coward life won the fight, as death must win in his own good time. Oran swam to the top and gasped and sobbed.

Then he heard the sea-bird cry, out over the water where he was drifting. He answered it with a despairing shout, and a startled woman’s voice sent back the cry.

Oran thought his will had triumphed over stupid unreasoning life, and that the dead dream.

III.

The wild bird-note called softly, tentative, questioning; and then, with a suggestion of suspicion and alarm: “Who are you?”

Oran felt it should have been “Where are you?” This was no time for introductions and gossip; nothing short of elaborate explanations could give the mist-hidden boat-woman any real information, and extended discourse is difficult when one swims in the ocean while tide and wind pursue opposite courses. Oran decided that his prospective rescuer lacked tact or intelligence, or something.

“I’m drowning!” he shouted. This was not true, but he thought the circumstances did not demand preciseness. A speech like “I shall drown in about four hours if you don’t save me,” would seem absurd, and he did not wish the situation to seem absurd to anybody. “Oh!” answered the voice from the fog. “Don’t! I’m coming.”

Oran felt that he had startled her, and was ashamed. He tried to reassure her, raising his head a little as he spoke into the grey fog. (This was careless of him.)

“Not really; not now; only I—” an active little wave uppercut him on the chin, and an instant later he was swamped by a white-crested comber. She heard with alarm the choking gurgle which closed his observations for the moment, and then listened in the silence: after waiting three seconds she screamed.

“It’s all right—I’m all right,” spluttered Oran, swimming carefully, and rising as the rollers bowed toward him.

“Don’t try to talk: you’ll drown!” she cried. “Did you sink? Where are you?”

“Here—somewhere in the fog. You’re coming closer. Don’t worry about me.” He spoke the words staccato, in runs of three or four, with spaces between.

A boat loomed suddenly in the fog, shadowy, big, like a mastless schooner. It was a light skiff. He swam fast, sidewise, to dodge it, and then reached up to grab the bow while it was yet five feet away. He coughed out a swear-word under water, and his mouth filled with salt; and the girl screamed again. . . . It was a girl: he saw that as he lifted his head over the skiff's stern, in spite of the salt water that filled his eyes and throat. The boat had turned broadside to wind and waves; a whitecap nosed under it and turned it far over on its side. Oran listened for the fog maiden to scream again; but she dipped her oars calmly, backing water with the left and pulling the right with a strong stroke. The boat swung bow-on to the seas.

"How did you come here?" the girl asked him curiously.

"I—I fell—off the point in there. Somehow I missed the rocks."

A look of fear came into her eyes. "Then you *are* one of them!" she cried.

"One of whom?" he returned, bewildered. "The abalone-gatherers? Did you know we were there? Do you—"

"Don't lie to me!" she commanded sharply, and looked with stern reproof into his wondering eyes.

He was very much frightened, and looked her over with a calm, speculative gaze. His eyes wandered from her damp brown hair, waving heavily in the wind, over a throat smoothly rounded, bare and white, glistening with moisture; then his glance went swiftly back to her eyes, with their reproving, indignant look. . . . And they had changed—reproachful now. They were brown near the centre, he noticed, as he leaned forward a little, and the outer circle of the pupil was grey-green. They were still changing—or the fog was thickening before them. "Wonderful eyes!" thought Oran. His own travelled downward again, over a form to which a mist-dampened dress clung closely. The figure was not heavy, yet told of strength; it was sinuous, and the smooth muscles swelled and flowed under the strain of rowing. Far stronger than, in repose, it could seem, but never rigid; strong enough to be graceful in effort. The girl's limbs were round as her throat.

She stopped rowing, though her oars dipped now and then to steady the boat. Oran looked up: he was going to look into her eyes again, but his glance was held at her breast. It was heaving as the sea swells and sinks long after a storm, not with the laboured breathing of exertion. . . . The fog maiden was crying.

Oran was torn with remorse for whatever he had done to hurt her: he wanted to grovel in the bottom of the skiff, and make her feel sorry for him in his woe.

"Oh, please don't!" he blurted out. "I wouldn't do anything to trouble you—!" He broke off, and moved back in the stern-sheets. There were tears pendent from her lashes, but the moisture on her eyes made them only more disconcerting as they withered him with proud scorn.

"Shall I get overboard and drown?" he asked humbly, as if craving permission to serve her in that way.

She became more scornful, and looked long into his eyes. Presently she began rowing again absently, and her gaze grew reflective, inquiring. By-and-by she shook her head impatiently.

"You don't look like—" The fog maiden sighed, and shook her head slowly. "You don't," she asserted with conviction; and then, pensively, "I wonder why you do it."

Oran felt utterly crushed: that she should apparently detest him had been bad enough, but her gentle sorrowing over his villainess gave him the feeling that somehow he must be very vile indeed. There was an air of finality about what she assumed that he could not feel that he had the faintest shadow of right to ask her to explain. The data on which was based her estimate were unknown to him, but they were obviously sufficient to her mind—therefore sufficient. Oran began searching his soul for monstrous defects, but ceased abruptly as it occurred to him that he should say something to this maid of the fogs.

"I—I really don't mind drowning if you wish it," he assured her earnestly.

She shook her head, answering dreamily, "No, I don't." Then, suddenly throwing off her pensiveness, she asked with melancholy interest—

"What did you do to poor Ling?"

"What? Who?" he asked puzzled. . . . "Oh! The Chinaman? Oh!" His face lighted up with joyous relief. "Oh, I had nothing at all to do with it; he was dead before I ever saw or even heard of him."

"Dead!" the boat swung half around, and she steadied it. "You don't mean you killed him? Oh, why?" She seemed only amazed.

Oran's bewilderment returned deeper than ever. Having once believed the explanation of her attitude had appeared to him, he felt that he must find the true one. At the same time it occurred to him that he was being impelled toward treachery to Brad Drace, and must keep watch of his impulses.

"The Chinaman was dead when we—when I came."

"Oh, then, you sent his body?" She seemed scarcely even interested in Ling now, but very much puzzled over something.

"Sent! . . . We buried it."

This appeared to surprise the fog maiden.

"But shouldn't you have sent it?"

"They'd have thought we had murdered him; and why should we, anyhow?"

The fog maiden looked at him dubiously through half-closed eyes, and asked:

"But don't—why, I thought they gave you the privilege of murdering people?"

"They? Who?"

"The ones that sent you," she retorted impatiently. "Are you trying to deceive me?" She put the question regretfully.

"Nobody sent me," he replied, wondering. "Nobody sent us; we just came. I was"—(he paused for a moment, at a loss for words briefly to describe the mental state that had led him to fly from his shadows to

this bleak coast)—"melancholy mad," he concluded. "You understand?" She had leaned toward him, now dipping the oars gently, watching him eagerly, her lips slightly parted. He knew that, by intuition, she had grasped the essence of what was in his mind, and sympathetically. A thousand subtle thoughts came to him in an instant, all for the delectation of the fog maiden, yet he uttered none of them, but sought to drive home his justification to her mind.

"I came here by the merest accident. Why did you think I was sent? Who did you think?"

She gave a glad little cry, and smiled brightly. Oran's eyes shone with delight; it seemed wonderful that she should smile.

"I should have known," the girl said gently. "I knew you had suffered, and—understand things. I wonder if you could understand me—truly? And I'm only a foolish, frightened woman—and I was so frightened!" She laughed gaily, and he laughed with her in joyousness, though he did not know why. His eyes fixed themselves on hers, and the unreasoning joy of his soul glowed in them.

A wave of rosy colour passed up from her round, white throat, spreading for an instant on cheek and brow, and was gone; a new fear, but not cold and terrible, was being born in her. Oran saw that he had startled her, and turned away self-consciously.

"The breakers are near," he said.

The girl flashed a half-startled but amused glance at him, and saw then that he was gazing in all unconsciousness towards the mist-wrapped coast. She bit her lip and smiled.

"Yes," she said, "very near. There is a landing close by that I know."

"But how?" he demanded in amaze. "The fog!"

"It does not smother the sound of the waves where they strike. Listen! There—and there. How different! That is how I know my little harbour."

The light under the fog, which had been cold grey, turned blue, for the evening was come. Ahead of the boat a vast black wall loomed up, its top lost in the fog above. The girl, listening intently to the boom of the surf, turned once to look, and then rowed steadily. The skiff seemed, to Oran, to drive against the wall, and that to open. A huge breaker shot the little boat far up the narrow inlet it had entered, and left it grounded there. The girl shipped her oars and stepped out, carrying the painter and making it fast to a point of rock.

"Come," she said, holding out her hand. Oran took it, and his nerves tingled at the touch.

Up through a winding passage she led him in silence to the cliff top; and there they stood together for awhile, still silent.

"Your friends," began the fog maiden at last, and paused a moment. "No, not friends, are they? And it is not good for you to be there, is it? Don't I know? You came—you told me why."

"But—I came—I did not know why—but now—"

The fog maiden checked the eager flow of words with a gesture. "But now you will listen to me, and do what I tell you," she said softly.

The fog was sinking to the sea, and to eastward it was already cleared away: Venus shone there alone, the evening star, pale in a blue sky. The girl watched it brighten while the short Western twilight deepened. She was pensive, dreamy again.

"There," she told him, "under the Venus star, there is a town where men with small ideals pursue them by means society approves. My father has great ideals. . . . Like you—like you—he has been melancholy mad, and—" The fog maiden sighed deeply, her eyes fixed unwaveringly on the evening star. "You will go now, there, and beyond—where you will in the world. But be brave. . . . And tell me your name, so I shall hear it some day and be proud that I—that I saved you when you would have drowned."

"Oran Latimer," he responded disconsolately.

"Oran—Latimer," she repeated. "Good-bye."

"No, no!" he cried, grasping her hands, drawing her toward him.

"Don't!" she pleaded, and turned her face away.

"Tell me why! Tell me, tell me, tell me!" he demanded.

"Don't," she repeated dully. "Don't ask me now. If—by-and-by—you do—know—" the fog maiden was whispering—"then, perhaps, you will—find me again. If you will not go—Oran—stay here till you are ready to go—toward the star; but you must not follow me; you must not come back. I trust you, and you would not have me feel that I could not do that. Good-night."

IV.

Oran forgot the evening star and the town; his thoughts flashed through the world beyond from time to time, and dwelt on the things he would do there for her sake. His spirits soared like mounting eagles, and dropped like eagles when they fold their wings and swoop toward earth again. Nothing he could plan was great enough—or, in the depression that succeeded to moments of wildest exaltation, he saw it beyond his power to achieve. Then he would brood, seeing his fog maiden drift away, swallowed up in the mists for ever; and the world turned grey and worthless in his eyes. In such moments Oran dragged himself listlessly over the brush-covered rocky ground, careless of direction; and in another moment he would lift his eyes to where the rising star shone brightly in a blue-black sky, and the night air around him grew warm with brilliance of his splendid dreams. So, blindly, dazzled or in cold darkness, Oran came by midnight to the town, and stood amazed that he had chanced to find it. All his fancies were suddenly chilled and dead. He was exhausted; his brain was hot and sluggish from strain and need of sleep; inwardly he burned with thirst, while his muscles shivered with the cold. There was a hotel in the place. Oran wondered how he had found it as he stood before the door, rolling his aching head from side to side, a foolish smile on his lips but no light in his closing eyes. He was aware of noise, and that he was making it; of lights and maddening questions that jarred cruelly in his

heated brain; of a long nightmare journey on stairways, water to drink, cool and delicious; a bed to which he staggered, and . . . Sunlight, awakening, a sense of awful loss, and—recollection.

"We know it wasn't all abalones," someone was saying in a voice that seemed to come from far away, from distant ages through endless years of harsh experience. It seemed long, then, that he struggled to expel the slowly clearing mists of sleep, with a sense of some momentous duty neglected, some monstrous evil impending, which he must awake at once to avert: in reality the words that came to his clouded consciousness, setting his nerves to jangling, startled him wide awake almost on the instant.

"The sacks that big fellow brought in here and shipped (when he said the Chinaman had pulled out, you know), they were straight abalones all right; so, after all, it might be the monkey did get scared and skip, and that that fellow didn't have anything to do with the stuff."

"The Chinaman skip and leave fifteen hundred pounds—!" cried another voice in unbelief.

"Or maybe a ton. Well, if it was brought out, none of it was put on the market, or we'd have known it in 'Frisco. We do know one batch was brought out, marketed, and another landed; besides that, a straight tip that there's more coming. It's taken a long time to find out where it came from—where it was landed, I mean—after the 'Frisco market showed that a tidy bit *had* come through somewhere, but we've got things dead to rights now, all right." A hall-door opened and closed, and the voice greeted someone entering the room next to Oran's. "Hello, Mac! It's all dead easy, as I was explaining to the constable here—this is the local constable, Mac, and we've got to have him to help us through; he knows all we need that I haven't found out. He knows the place, and that's the main thing now. I only introduced myself to him this morning, though I've known him six weeks. Ha, ha! I've been working on the quiet, Mac."

Oran heard Mac's voice—"You'll go down there to-day, then?"

"The constable and I, this afternoon. We don't want to get there till late at night, and it's only twelve miles. No arrests, I guess, till they try to run the next batch. It's sure to come."

"And the girl you wrote about?" It was Mac speaking.

"Somebody's ghost story, maybe, though—hey, constable?"

Oran had crept across his room, but stopped now at the door. What the constable answered he did not hear, for it was only a mumble. Oran opened the door and went softly down the stairs.

"Opium, of course," he reflected. "And that's what Brad killed the Chinaman for, and then he didn't find it after all! Does she think that would stop me?" He laughed quietly to himself while hesitating between the dining-room and the outer door: hesitation ended in the conclusion that breakfast was necessary. It was ten o'clock, and he found the dining-room empty. Oran ate and told cheerful lies to a curious waiter.

V.

Oran went first to the abalone camp, for the immediate danger was to his late companions. There was still daylight when he reached it, but thick and grey with fog. The little cabin where he had lived for five months in loneliness, with Brad Drace and Peter Moze, was empty, and he walked out to the edge of the cliff. There was no one but himself on the bleak promontory. His late partners could not be down on the rocks after abalones, he decided; the tide had been flooding for more than an hour. Had they gone away? He hoped so. He did not want to see them at all any more, and was glad that his warning was not needed.

Now, where was the fog maiden? Oran thought the narrow fissure in the cliff was some distance north, but he reflected that he had no tangible data to base such a conclusion on; it might be south. Also north and south there were a hundred such fissures, though few of them went down below water-level at high tide. He decided to go north, looking carefully along the cliff; there would be plenty of time to come back and try the other way. So he went north, past the spot where the Chinaman was buried; but he did not pass it at once, for where the ground had been carefully levelled and smoothed to conceal any indication of a grave there was now a mound, and at one end stood a bit of plank, like a headstone. Oran read the inscription, burned into the wood with the heated point of an iron bar, and then he went back to look down into the foam-filled black jaws through which he himself had passed alive. . . . For this was the inscription on the wooden headstone—

TWO DIRTY YELLOW THINGS

ARE UNDER HERE.

I'VE DONE THAT MUCH FOR THE WORLD.

ORNE WENT OUT ON THE EBB.

I'M CRAZY TOO.

ANYBODY THAT KILLED PETER WOULD GO CRAZY.

BUT I WAIT FOR THE FLOODING TIDE.

For a few minutes Oran wandered about the promontory, brooding, returning again and again to stare down at the saw-toothed rocks piercing a bank of foam. At last he went away north, unconsciously practising a weird sound with his throat and lips. Suddenly he threw off the fit of sombre abstraction, and knew what sound he was essaying: he uttered it loudly, clumsily—the sea-bird cry. A rippling laugh, close by in the fog, answered him.

"You do it very poorly, Oran," said the fog maiden.

"Oh!" he cried, anxious and hurried now he had found her. "They are coming—detectives!"

"Let them come," she returned serenely. "We'll sail away in our skiff, through the fog."

"But—your father?"

"He came to-day. He is gone now, safe."

"But—you?"

"Oh, I!" The fog maiden laughed happily at his bewilderment. "I waited for you," she whispered.

THE END.

THE EYES OF THE SUBMERSIBLE, AND FRENCH NAVAL DEVELOPMENTS.



SEEING WITHOUT BEING SEEN: HOW A SUBMERSIBLE CAN SIGHT THE ENEMY BY ITS PERISCOPE.

By an arrangement of prisms at the top and bottom of the tube of the periscope, an image of what is passing above the surface is thrown upon a white board in front of the steersman. The only part of the submersible above water is the almost invisible top of the periscope, but the crew under water have a perfect view of approaching craft.



THE NEW FRENCH BATTLE-SHIP "JUSTICE" UNDER CONSTRUCTION AT THE DOCKYARDS OF LA SEYNE.

The building-yards of La Seyne are close to Toulon, where the two great armoured vessels "Patrie" and "Justice" are now being pushed on with the utmost speed, the dockyard hands working day and night. Our amiable neighbours declare that they do not wish to rival the "Dreadnought," but they must, of course, keep abreast of the times. The ships, which will have as sisters the "République," "Liberté," "Vérité," and "Démocratie," will be of 15,000 tons, with a speed of 18 knots.

PARTIES, PLACES, AND LEADERS IN THE FRENCH CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

AN Irish Member who had been present at a sitting of the French Chamber of Deputies was asked his opinion of the decorum of the assembly. "Well, I think Speaker Gully" (as he then was) "would have something to say to them." Another British M.P. compared the Chamber with the London County Council. "That is how it impresses me," he said; "they are Councillors rather than Parliamentarians." There is a great distinction, indeed, between the Palais Bourbon and St. Stephen's. The French Chamber is neither particularly imposing as a piece of architecture nor as a legislative body. From its external aspect, as it faces the Pont de la Concorde, it might pass for a metropolitan museum; it is from the back, from the Rue de l'Université, that its true proportions are seen. Inside, the differences are more marked than ever. As you enter the hall of debates, a loud hum of conversation reaches your ears. A Deputy is in the tribune—the two-decked pulpit which faces the hemicycle—but his voice can hardly be heard, even by the official shorthand-writers who stand below him on either side of the stairs. Above the speaker is perched the President of the Chamber, whose duty it is to direct the debates and to keep order. He is armed with a bell and an ivory paper-cutter. He is perpetually clanging the one or rapping the other, to remind the House of its manners. In the British House of Commons, when the subject and the speaker are uninteresting, the world drifts silently towards the smoking-room and the library. In the Chamber of Deputies the bored legislator is very likely to remain to discuss private affairs with his neighbour. Parliamentary etiquette on the Calais side of the Channel is not of a very rigid character. Members will often stand together at the

base of the stairs leading to the tribune. One can imagine what Mr. Lowther would have to say to such a proceeding! You might suppose that the House is never orderly, never quiet enough for an orator to be heard. That, however, is not the case. The noise and confusion cease when someone of importance mounts the rostrum. Then the House is all ears, unless the speaker, by an unhappy word, unchains a torrent of opposition, or Deputies are in a mind to show that his personality is displeasing. The French Parliamentarian has a positive genius for disorder. M. Combes, whose Ministry preceded that of M. Rouvier's, and who loved the breath of battle, was perpetually inspiring the Parliamentary demonstrator to his best efforts. In the days that followed the expulsion of the religious orders, under the Waldeck-Rousseau Law of Associations, there were some wild scenes in the Chamber. At one sitting, when a dead set was made against "le Petit Père" because of his hostility to the Church, the "salle des séances" resembled the Jardin des Plantes, or Paris "Zoo," in the variety of the noises emitted. Representatives of the sovereign people whistled and "cat-called," vituperated at the top of their voices, and rattled their desk-lids as if they were a pack of schoolboys showing their dislike of an unpopular companion. Meanwhile, the "Speaker's" bell clanged and clanged as if he were the driver of a road-car on Broadway, New York.



COMTE DE MUN,
Leader of the Right.



M. CLEMENCEAU,
Chief of Advanced Right.



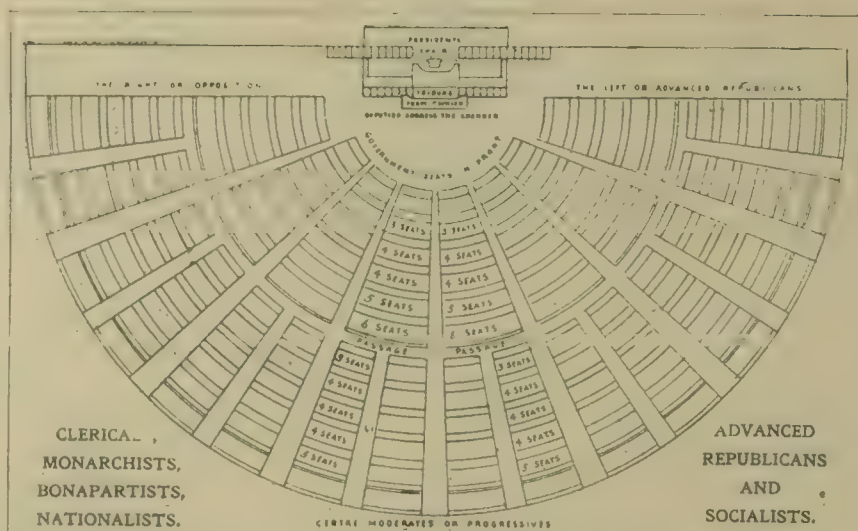
M. JAURÈS,
Chief of Socialists.



M. LASIES,
Nationalist Leader.



THE ABBÉ GAYRAUD,
Leader of the Catholics.



PLAN OF THE CHAMBER, WITH APPROXIMATE POSITION OF PARTIES.



M. RIBOT,
Leader of the Centre.

has recently been elected an Immortal, solely for the high literary character of his speeches. He has a somewhat Gladstonian manner of delivery, a method of transfixing someone in the course of his strenuous discussion.

A great leader of the "regular" Opposition—because the Moderates may, and often do, assist the Government—is the Comte de Mun. He is distinguished for his onslaughts on the Government on account of their anti-clerical policy. The Comte de Dion, head of the well-known automobile firm, is also a prominent figure in the same group. M. Denys Cochin is a militant Churchman, and took part in some of the most exciting events connected with the inventories. His political complexion is Bonapartist. The two clergymen in the House are the Abbés Lemire and Gayraud, both members of the Opposition. M. Lasies, a stalwart of the Nationalists, or Right, is one of those fearful wild-fowl, a "Plébiscitaire



M. LÉON BOURGEOIS,
Chief of Radicals.

Anti-Sémite." That means that he believes in a régime that has received the direct sanction of the people after a plebiscite, and is, in addition, opposed in principle to the Jews. It will be seen that the National Opposition is an extremely heterogeneous body, including, as it does, Monarchists or Legitimists, Imperialists or Bonapartists, Plebiscitists, whose dream is generally of a sort of democratic Empire or a President with the powers of a Roosevelt; as well as nondescript politicians such as Rochefort (not, by the way, in the Chamber), who are aristocratic Socialists with a touch of Anarchy—a brand entirely Parisian and not to be found elsewhere in the country. Real political talent is much more common in the ranks of the pure Republicans. It is explainable to some extent, no doubt, by the fact that, for the "Opposition," there is neither Ministerial nor any other rank. As long as the Republic lasts, they are just political pariahs.—PARISIAN.



THE FRENCH HOUSE OF COMMONS: THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

TOGO'S HEROES IN LONDON: THE FIRST BLUEJACKETS ASHORE.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT THE DOCKS.



FROM TSUSHIMA TO THE THAMES: WARRIORS OF THE EASTERN TRAFALGAR LANDING ON BRITISH SOIL.

On the afternoon of March 24, after considerable delay on account of rough weather in the Bay of Biscay, the "Iyo Maru" came into the Royal Albert Docks, with 600 Japanese bluejackets who are to navigate back to Japan the new war-ships "Kashima" and "Katori." As soon as the men landed they were instructed to put out their cigarettes. Some threw their cigarettes away, others thriftily pinched off the burning end and reserved the rest. In answer to the spectators' greetings the Japanese tars gave a cheer that was almost British in its lustiness.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES'S DEEP PERSONAL INTEREST IN THE INDIAN NATIVES

SKETCHES (FACSIMILE) BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST RECENTLY WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA.



AT THE HEART OF INDIA: THE PRINCESS IN THE NATIVE CITY, LUCKNOW.

Mr. Begg writes: "The Native city is about a mile and a half from the centre of the 'civil lines,' or European part. The Princess drove there, and then walked through the 'Chauk,' or bazaar, no doubt to be able to see the people at closer quarters than is possible from a carriage." This very interesting visit was paid by the Princess at the time that the Prince of Wales was in Gwalior.



AN INDIAN MOTHER'S PRAYER TO THE RANI TO PARDON HER SON.

One day the Princess, accompanied only by Sir Walter Lawrence, drove unannounced to a village on the outskirts of the native camp, to see at first-hand the life of the field-labourers. An old woman prostrated herself at the Princess's feet, and implored pardon for her son, a prisoner in the Andaman Islands for murder. A kindly explanation that the "Rani" could not interfere with the law was scarcely understood by the petitioner.

THE PRINCE'S TEA IN THE JUNGLE AFTER A TIGER-HUNT.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST RECENTLY WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA.



AN AL FRESCO MEAL: REFRESHMENT FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES AND HIS SUITE AFTER A TIGER-SHOOT.

The incident occurred at Hyderabad. After the shoot, tea was served in the open air. The Prince's table was set under a great forest tree. The suite stood around, while the party discussed the day's sport. The Prince seemed to be enjoying himself to the utmost, and was in his happiest mood.

AT THE SIGN OF ST. PAUL'S.

BY ANDREW LANG.

"HEIR TO THE CROWN OF POLAND."

A HIGHLAND COSTUME AND A SUPERIOR MANNER.

A man, giving the name of Shemais Abraich, aged twenty-eight, was arrested at Swindon yesterday on a charge of obtaining 35s. from the Rev. B. Crespiigny Thelwall, of Burbage, Wiltshire. It was alleged that he represented that he was the Prince of Condé and owned a castle in Scotland, and claimed that his father is heir to the Polish Crown. Found on him were a dagger inscribed, and letters from high dignitaries of the Church. The prisoner, who was dressed in Highland costume and had a superior manner, was remanded for inquiries.

THE extract from an English local newspaper which heads this column has been sent to me by a friend, a student of the Romance of History. He asks me if I know aught of Shemais Abraich who was arrested at Swindon on a charge of obtaining thirty-five shillings from the Rev. B. Crespiigny Thelwall.

As it happens, my course of study has brought me acquainted with Shemais Abraich, but I will not be responsible for the spelling of his name, as Gaelic is a language in which it is easy to make mistakes. Last summer, at St. Andrews, I met Shemais, Prince de Condé, and rightful heir to the Polish Crown. Shemais did not ask me to subscribe towards his happy restoration, and I much mistake him if he conceives that the Polish Crown, while extant, was hereditary. There could not be such a person as an heir to the Polish Crown. The ambition of Shemais, in August last, was less extensive: he asked me to obtain for him a place as a gamekeeper. He might as well have requested me to promote him to the command of his Majesty's forces in Scotland. He got as near Poland as to tell me he is "a Sobisky," in which it was easy to detect Sobieski. As he was much more Gaelic than Polish, I thought he meant that he was a grandson of "Charles Edward Sobieski Stuart, Comte d'Albanie," otherwise Charles Allen, one of the two gentlemen who represented themselves as legitimate descendants of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, whose mother, again, was Clementina Sobieska. As these representatives of fallen royalty lived for a long time at Eilean Aigas, a house of Lord Lovat, on the Beaulieu, it seemed probable that Shemais was claiming descent (which could not be legitimate) from one of them. Being unable to give Shemais a character as a gamekeeper, or to further any claims he might have to any British or foreign thrones, I said farewell to him. He asked for nothing in the way of shillings from me, and he got nothing, but marched off, a picturesque figure in the coquettish costume of the Clans. I heard, later, that he was of the blood of Condé, and that he possessed and exhibited a dirk, apparently as a proof of royal descent. It is also certain that Shemais had been perambulating England and Scotland for several years, repeating the story of his birth, which, of course, is matter for the genealogist. He has been "remanded for inquiries"; perhaps they may throw some light on the history of this new "young Ascanius." What harm he has done in the eyes of the law I know not, for he seemed much too intelligent to assert that the Polish throne was other than electoral. Every reader of Dumas knows that the Duc d'Anjou was elected, and ran away from his throne to become Henri III. of France, a proceeding deemed ungentlemanly by his Polish subjects.

The American revenues of British novelists are endangered by a recent decision of Judge Sanburn, of Chicago. The learned Judge, in delivering judgment on a question of copyright, said that he had to administer law—that was the pathetic part of his situation—not equity. It is admitted, by his critical countrymen, that he knows "considerable law." But, as I read in the *Publisher's Circular*, if the Judge is right (and you may bet your bottom dollar that right he is), then a novel by Sir Arthur Doyle is in a parlous way. It appears serially in an American magazine, with a notice that the author has taken copyright. But it seems that this notice does not appear, as the Judge is said to have said that it ought to appear, on the title-page of the magazine. This may be the law; the Judge knows the law; but, if so, we must remark, with Mr. Bumble, that "the Law is a Hass." British novelists had better insert the copyright notice all over the title-page, and, in purple capitals, across every page and at the close of each number of their romances appearing in America. Otherwise somebody over there will prove too smart for them; the science of dodging the law is highly cultivated. Indeed, a very clever Virginian legist, Mr. Post, has written a book of stories about a hero, or villain, whose business it is to coach the criminal classes in committing every sort of iniquity without coming into the power of the law. If the villain makes a study of the Law of Copyright, he is certain to find loopholes in its fences. One loop-hole seems to be this: An American publisher may purchase the American rights of my "Prehistoric Pitch and Toss," or some other erudite work. But it seems that American libraries may import "for use, and not for sale, not more than two copies of such book at any one time." There are hundreds of American libraries. If they lawfully import five hundred copies of "Prehistoric Pitch and Toss," then the American public has quite as many copies of that work of erudition as it needs, and the American publisher and purchaser of the book is "bit," as our ancestors said.

Edgar Poe was reckoned smart when he revealed the mystery of the murder from the first chapter of "Barnaby Rudge." But look at the close of the first chapter. Mr. Haredeale is found murdered in his bedroom. The gardener and steward have disappeared. Months later a body is found "in a piece of water in the grounds." The body is *unrecognisable*, but wears the steward's clothes, watch, and ring. It is inferred that the gardener has murdered the steward, in the house, while awake and dressed, and put his body in an ornamental sheet of water. It did not need Poe's cleverness to find out the true state of affairs.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

EVANS F STEVENS (Laurenceville, New Jersey).—(1) In a diagram always use the initial of the piece to indicate it on a square. Thus K will stand for King, B for Bishop, and so on. The Black pieces can be distinguished by putting a circle round the initial. (2) By constant practice with those stronger than yourself.

A J REVELLON (Uppingham).—Your solutions are quite right. It is no discredit to be beaten by No. 3228.

P DALY (Brighton).—We think if you look at the problem again you will find that neither of your suggested moves produces a solution.

W MARKS (Belfast).—Your problem is well constructed, but it is too elementary for our use. As they say sometimes of wine, "It lacks body."

J R KNOX.—You quote no number in your letter, and we cannot say to what problem you refer.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3217 received from J E (Valparaiso) and J H Weir (Charters Towers, Queensland); of No. 3218 from J E (Valparaiso); of No. 3221 from C V (Springbokfontein, Namaqualand); of No. 3225 from Gertrude M Field (Athol, Mass.); of No. 3226 from James Clark (Chester) and C Field junior (Athol, Mass.); of 3227 from Sorrento; of No. 3228 from F R Pickering (Forest Hill), the Chess Department of the Reading Society (Corfu), Sorrento, T Roberts, and Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3229 received from Laura Greaves (Shelton), E W Thomas (Dolgelly), Sorrento, H R Norton (Manchester), The Tid, E J Winter-wood, R Worters (Canterbury), Neville G Deed (Widmermere), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), C E Perugini, P Lewis (Ramsgate), Shadforth, Mark Dawson (Horsforth), T Roberts, J Young (Surrey), H J Plumb (Sandhurst), Hereward, L A (Swansea), Thomas Charlton (Clapham Park), F Henderson (Leeds), F R Pickering (Forest Hill), J Hopkinson (Derby), and G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3228.—By F. HEALEY.

WHITE.

1. R to B 7th
2. Kt to Kt 8th
3. Mates.

BLACK.

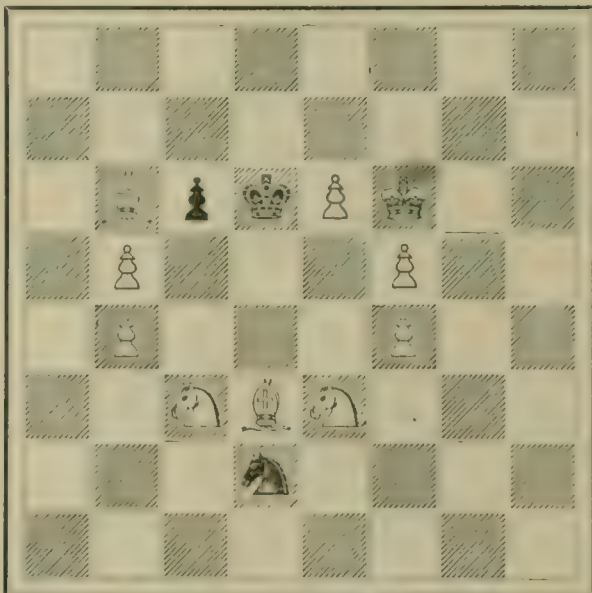
1. B to B 5th
- Any move

If Black play 1. B to Q 7th, 2. R takes Kt (ch); and if 1. B to K 6th, 2. Kt to Kt 3rd, etc.

PROBLEM No. 3231.—By Mrs. W. J. BAIRD.

"THE SHIELD."

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN SWEDEN.

Game played in the International Tournament at Stockholm between Messrs. MIKSS and MÖLLER.

(Centre Counter Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. Mieses.)	BLACK (Mr. Möller.)	WHITE (Mr. Mieses.)	BLACK (Mr. Möller.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q 4th	21. White's play is a pleasure to study. It is clear the Pawn cannot be taken.	
2. P takes P	Q takes P		
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Q to Q R 4th		
4. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	21. P to K 6th	Q to B 2nd
5. B to K 2nd	P to Kt 5th	22. P to K 7th	Q to Kt 3rd
6. Castles	P to K 3rd	23. P to K 7th	R to K sq
7. Kt to Q 4th	B takes B	24. Q takes Q	P takes Q
8. Q takes B	P to B 3rd	25. R to Q 8th	Kt to R 3rd
9. P to Q 3rd		26. Kt to Q 6th	
There has been some freshness in the treatment of the opening by White, and he has now the better game.		The finishing touch to a beautiful combination, which leaves White with an open road to victory.	
10. P to Q R 3rd	B to K 2nd	26. P takes R (a Q)	Q R takes R
11. P to Q Kt 4th	Castles	27. Kt to B 7th (ch)	R takes Q
12. B to Kt 2nd	Q to B 2nd	28. Kt takes R	K to Kt sq
13. Kt to K 4th	B takes P (ch)	29. P takes P	P to Q B 4th
14. K to R sq	B to K 4th	30. P takes P	Kt takes P
15. P to K B 4th	Kt takes Kt	31. B to Q 4th	P to Kt 3rd
16. P takes Kt	B takes P	32. B takes Kt	P takes B
17. Q to Kt 4th		33. K to Kt sq	P to Kt 4th
Although a Pawn has been captured, the handling of this Bishop, both now and presently, is a sad waste of time.		34. K to B 2nd	P to B 5th
18. P to K B 4th	Kt takes Kt	35. K to B 3rd	K to B 3rd
19. P takes Kt	B takes P	36. Kt to B 6th	P to R 3rd
20. P to Kt 4th		37. Kt to Kt 4th	K to K 2nd
Finely turning to account Black's last move, who is now threatened with the loss of a piece or mate.		38. Kt takes P	K to Q 3rd
17. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	39. K to K 4th	K to B 3rd
18. Kt to B 5th	P to B 3rd	40. K to Q 4th	P to Kt 5th
19. R takes B	P takes R	41. Kt to Kt 4th (ch)	K to Kt 4th
20. R to Q sq	K to R sq	42. Kt to Q 5th	P to Kt 4th
21. P to R 5th		43. Kt takes P (at B 6)	P to Kt 6th
		44. Kt to K 4th	P to Kt 5th
		45. Kt takes P	Resigns

Another Game in the Tournament between Messrs. SCHLECHTER and SVENSSON.

(Queen's Pawn Game.)

WHITE (Mr. Schlechter.)	BLACK (Mr. Svensson.)	WHITE (Mr. Schlechter.)	BLACK (Mr. Svensson.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	21. Kt to K 5th	Q to Kt 2nd
2. P to Q B 4th	P to K 3rd	B takes Kt only leads to speedy disaster.	
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	22. R to B 3rd	P to B 4th
4. B to Kt 5th	Q to K 2nd	23. R to K Kt 3rd	B takes Kt
5. P to K 3rd	Q Kt to Q 2nd	24. P takes B	K to R 2nd
6. Kt to B 3rd	Castles	25. Q to R 5th	Kt to B sq
7. Q to B 2nd	P to B 4th	26. B to Kt 4th	P to Kt 3rd
8. B to Q 3rd	B takes P	27. Q to R 4th	Q to K B 2nd
9. K P takes P	P takes P	28. B to K 7th	K R to B sq
10. B takes P		29. B to B 6th	
White finds compensation for the theoretically unattractive isolation of his Queen's Pawn in the better development of his pieces.		Threatening to mate by the sacrifice of the Queen.	
11. Castles	P to Q Kt 3rd	29. B to Q 3rd	P to K R 4th
12. Q to K 2nd	B to K 2nd	30. R to Kt 5th	Kt to Q 2nd
13. B to Q 2nd	P to K 3rd	31. R to Kt 4th	Kt takes B
14. P to Q R 4th	B to Kt 5th	32. P takes Kt	R to B 2nd
15. Q R to Q sq	Q to B 2nd	33. B to K 2nd	R to R sq
16. B to Q 3rd	B to Q 3rd	34. B takes K R P	K to Kt sq
17. R to B sq		35. Q to Kt 3rd	R takes B
Without any appearance of effort, White has already put his opponent on the strict defensive.		36. R takes R	P to B 5th
17. O to Kt sq	R to Q sq	37. Q to Kt 5th	P to K 4th
18. K R to K sq	R to Q sq	38. R to B 6th	R to B 3rd
19. B to Kt sq	Kt to Q 4th	39. R takes P (ch)	K to B sq
20. Kt takes Kt	B takes Kt	40. Q to R 6th (ch)	K to K sq
		41. P to R 4th	Resigns

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE GENESIS OF LIFE.

ONCE again has the topic of the origin of life—or, as it might more properly be styled, the origin of low forms of life—come to the front in the scientific discussions of the day. A fortnight or so ago, a special meeting of the Medical Society of London was held, under the presidency of Sir W. Broadbent, M.D., to hear Dr. H. C. Bastian give an account of his experiments in which he attempts to show that bacteria—lowly organisms of common kind—could appear where previously no traces of life are to be found. Another point debated was that of the origin of infusorial animalcules from the eggs of a much higher organism—to wit, one of the wheel animalcules, or rotifers. I rejoice to think that, whatever may be the ultimate verdict pronounced on Dr. Bastian's views, he has enjoyed of late opportunity, formerly denied him, of giving a demonstration of the grounds on which he bases his beliefs. In this way Science will be true to her lifelong boast of the impartial investigation of doctrines to which the majority of biologists may feel unable to subscribe.

Medical men are specially interested in the problem of the origin of life. The germ theory of disease is founded on the view that all life descends or originates from pre-existent life. The living thing, as the world at present stands, must have had a parent to produce it. Life cannot arise *de novo*. Whatever may have been the primary origin and beginning of vitality, to-day we believe that in no circumstances can the humblest microbe or the lowliest animalcule appear on the stage of vitality save as the child of a pre-existing living unit. The application of this theory to the practice of medicine is self-evident. Fevers and other infectious disorders are caused by their germs attacking and infecting our bodies. These germs are living things, and, like all other organisms, we hold they have sprung from pre-existing parental germs. In other words, a case of fever can no more spring up *de novo* than can a potato growing in a field be regarded as having originated from the combination of some non-living matter. Each case of fever is the offspring of some preceding case, the germs of which were allowed to escape into air, water, or food, and thus came to infect the patient.

Now it is perfectly clear that if Dr. Bastian can demonstrate that bacteria—which, by the way, are related to disease-producing microbes—can originate *de novo* and without any parent-organisms, his discovery would of necessity cause us to revise the terms of the germ theory of disease, as well as our views concerning the multiplication of life on the globe at present. Logically, if a bacterium can originate from non-living matter, a fever microbe might be conceived to be capable of similarly evolving itself as a new and original being connected by no genetic ties with any pre-existing generation of germs. I suspect this idea lay at the root of the recent medical meeting, apart from the natural interest which physicians, as biologists, must feel in the settlement of an issue fraught with grave results to science at large. I doubt not there will be discussion and comment—one may well hope so, indeed—on Dr. Bastian's experiments, and it will be with interest that a large section of the public will await the declaration of competent authorities *pro* or *con*. the possibility of life-origin from that which is not alive.

Dr. Bastian takes a small new potato. He washes it in water, and places it in a screw-top bottle in which is contained a ten per cent. solution of formalin. This last is a powerful germicide. In this solution the potato soaks for twenty minutes, the fluid being shaken so as to cover the internal surface of the bottle. Then he pours out the solution, and the surface of the potato and the bottle are left wet with the formalin fluid. The cover is then tightly screwed on. He says that there is never any surface-contamination of the potato, but none the less, when it is left for a few weeks in the closed (and presumably aseptic) bottle, bacteria, after careful search, were often found within closed potato-cells in sections taken from the potato's centre. These bacteria were not found in the outer parts which had been acted upon by the formalin solution.

In another case, the cells of a small and healthy turnip were seen to be crowded with bacteria. The turnip was well washed and suspended in a bottle containing an ounce of pure formalin. The screw cover was then fixed on, and the turnip left for seven weeks at a temperature of 80 deg. Fahr. The presumption here is that while all sources of external contamination are excluded, any life which existed in the turnip must have been killed by the formalin vapour. The result was the same as in the potato. Microbes of motionless kind appeared as specks in the turnip cells and developed into bacilli. Dr. Bastian urged that motionless specks could not be regarded as likely to be media of infection, for it requires active cells to gain access to the structure of the turnip. He admits that the alternative theory is that the microbes had been latent in the cells, and, of course, had not been killed by the formalin. When the germicidal effects of the formalin passed away, the bacilli developed. But he contends no such original microbes can be detected in the cells, though, of course, it is open for anyone to hold that inability to detect these infinitesimal specks forms no adequate argument against their existence.

Other experiments were described in which various animalcular forms are alleged to have been seen to spring from other species of organisms—life here of one kind originating from life of another kind. It is a very pretty "quarrel" as it stands. It will be suggested that it is preferable to think Dr. Bastian's disinfections have not killed the microbes inherent in potato and turnip, and that their development is really that of organisms in a natural fashion, and not in any *de novo* sense. At the least, biologists have been provided with food for thought, and what is more, with a subject for experimentation.

ANDREW WILSON.

THE ACADEMIC OLYMPIA: THE UNIVERSITY SPORTS AT QUEEN'S CLUB.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOWDEN.



THIRD LAP OF THE THREE MILES: SUTTON, EDWARDS, AND HALLOWES (OXFORD, WINNER).



QUARTER-MILE: ENTERING THE STRAIGHT, CORNWALLIS (OXFORD, WINNER) LEADING.



THE LONG JUMP: P. M. YOUNG (OXFORD), WINNER.



THE HIGH JUMP: P. M. YOUNG (OXFORD), WINNER.



THE THREE MILES FINISH: N. F. HALLOWES (OXFORD) WINS.



HUNDRED YARDS: K. G. MACLEOD (CAMBRIDGE), WINNER.



THE FINISH FOR THE MILE RACE: WELSH (CAMBRIDGE) WINS.



THROWING THE HAMMER: A. H. FYFFE (OXFORD) WINS.



PUTTING THE WEIGHT: THE HON. G. W. LYTTETON (CAMBRIDGE), WINNER



THE FINISH FOR THE HALF-MILE: CORNWALLIS (OXFORD) WINS.

On March 24 Oxford met Cambridge for the Athletic Sports in miserable weather. The only really interesting contest was the half-mile, which was run during the heaviest downpour of the afternoon. The result of the Sports was: seven firsts and three seconds for Oxford; three firsts and seven seconds for Cambridge.



FISHING IN A SWIMMING-BATH: THE QUAINTEST OF RECENT CRAZES.

DRAWN BY MAX COWPER.

At Coney Island, the great New York watering-place, the huge swimming-bath of Steeplechase Park has been turned into a fish-pond. An enterprising manager bought 1000 live cod, of from two to thirty pounds weight, from a market smack, and turned them into the pond. The public were admitted

at fifty cents a head, and 250 enthusiasts hastened to enjoy the contemplative man's recreation. Fifty-six fish were caught the first night. A young lady angler, in the excitement of her first bite, let her rod fall into the water, and Mr. Cod made off with it, finally regaining his liberty.

THE QUEEN'S PLEA FOR THE OSPREY: BIRD-MARTYRS TO FASHION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE PRESS STUDIO, BY THE COURTESY OF THE CURATOR OF THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM, SOUTH KENSINGTON.



BRONZEWING.



HUMMING BIRDS.



GOLDFINCH.



BULLFINCHES.



THE QUEEN'S PROTÉGÉ: THE EGRET, WHOSE NUPTIAL PLUMES FORM THE FAMOUS "OSPREY" FEATHERS.



GREENFINCHES.



PARROQUET.



GOLDEN CONURE.



BIRD OF PARADISE.



KINGFISHERS.



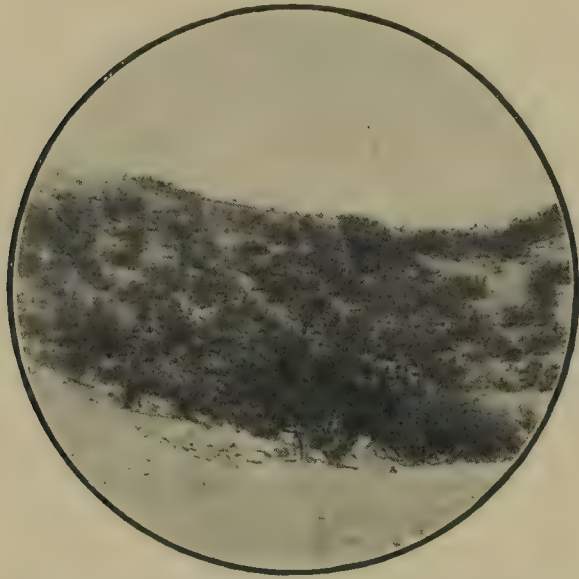
BIRD OF PARADISE.

At the Annual Meeting of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, the Queen sent a message giving permission to use her Majesty's name in any way the Society might think most conducive to its work. Her Majesty states that she never wears osprey feathers herself, and she will do all in her power to discourage the cruelty practised on these beautiful birds. The Society specially desires to protect the birds illustrated on this page.—[SEE "LADIES' PAGES."]

THE STONE AGE IN THE 20TH CENTURY: PRIMITIVE SOUTH AMERICANS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARON NORDENSKJOLD.

BARON NORDENSKJOLD has lately returned from an eighteen-months' expedition to the Andes, undertaken for the purpose of penetrating the northern forests of Bolivia and of studying the Indian tribes who inhabit unknown districts along the tributaries of



ONE OF THE HIGHEST FORESTS IN THE WORLD:
QUININE TREES 13,000 FEET ABOVE SEA-LEVEL.

the Amazon. The explorer visited three tribes, the Yamiaca, the Guarayo, and Atsapuaca, who until two years ago lived in the pure Stone Age. The two last-named tribes, for the most part, kept their original customs, but recently they had obtained metal imple-



AN ATSAPUACA HUT OF PALMS IN THE
PRIMEVAL FOREST.

ments, which had filtered through to them from the Palefaces they had never seen. The Atsapuaca became so friendly towards Baron Nordenskjold that they offered him Tamutsi, the belle of the tribe, to wife, and begged him to settle among them



HITHERTO UNSEEN BY THE WHITE MAN:
AN ATSAPUACA YOUTH.

Christ and the Virgin by dances, in which the sun is used as the symbol for Christ and the moon for the Virgin Mary. Although these tribes have usually adopted burial in churchyards, they still give the departed his possessions for use in another world.



INCA DESCENDANTS: THE WONDERFUL CAPS,
ORNAMENTED WITH BIRDS, WORN BY THE
QUICHUA INDIANS.

But as these may not be laid in Christian graves, they burn food, tools and newly washed clothes of the dead, believing that in this manner the spirits of these things are liberated and enabled to accompany their former owner. Our readers will recall Professor Mas-



THE EVOLUTION OF THE DOUBLE EAGLE:
INCA SYMBOLS ON AYUARA TEXTILE
FABRICS.

pero's theory of the broken Egyptian chariot described in these pages last week. M. Maspero suggested that the pole had been broken in order to "kill" the vehicle and thus make it fit for the use of its dead owner. The expedition accomplished some interesting archaeological work, but it was not of any very great importance. Baron Nordenskjold was able to establish the fact that

the Incas had never colonised the primeval forest at the base of the Andes, and there he discovered traces of a large population, probably the ancestors of the Guarayos. The pots and stone axes discovered in the forest were unlike any of those met with in the mountain valleys



TOMB-HOUSES IN THE CHALPA QUIACA VALLEY,
PERU: PRE-SPANISH PERIOD.

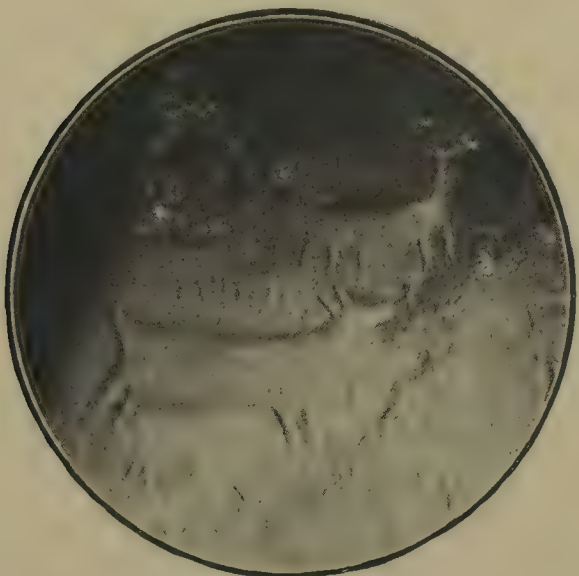
of the Andes. Near Lake Titicaca the explorers found fossils of mammals, including the bones of a small, short-legged horse and of a gigantic sloth. These belong to the close of the Tertiary period.

Baron Nordenskjold was accompanied by Lieutenant



CHRISTIANITY AND PAGANISM: QUICHUA DANCE
WITH FEATHER SUNS SYMBOLISING CHRIST

D. de Bildt, son of the Swedish Minister in London, and by Dr. Holmgren. His scheme was to travel by the Peruvian port of Mollendo to Puno, on Lake Titicaca, at an altitude of 12,000 feet, and thence to La Paz, the Bolivian capital. From that point onwards they entered



ANCIENT ROCK CARVINGS: LLAMAS AND DEER
IN A CAVE AT CORANI.

for the rest of his days. Around Lake Titicaca the explorer visited the Quichuas and Ayuaras, who are partly Christianised, and whose religion is a mixture of Inca sun-worship and Christianity. They worship



INDIAN CHULPA, OR GRAVE, IN WHICH THE
DEAD WERE PLACED IN A SITTING POSITION.

a country full of Inca remains. The expedition hoped to get into touch with the Araunas, whose deity is a huge wooden disc; but these people have lost much of their interest by contact with traders.

FICTION, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVEL.

"LOAVES AND FISHES," as a title indicating somewhat mixed material not unconnected with the keeping of the pot boiling, is in a measure appropriate to Mr. Bernard Capes's new volume (Methuen). It is a collection of stories, many of them brief, not a few of them, it must be admitted, rather thin. Very thin indeed are "The Breeches Bishop," "The Lost Notes," "Jack the Skipper," and very doubtful is it whether they and several others are worthy of being collected to Mr. Capes's name. Yet we can no more read a page of the flimsiest of them than we can the fine opening tale here, "A Gallows Bird," without recognising a distinguished story-teller at work. He is not easy. There is an elaboration of sentence, matching an elaboration of figure, which makes the writing difficult, and to be followed only by a most vigilant eye. And it cannot be said of Mr. Capes that he is always pleasant. It is seldom, on the contrary, that he is not gruesome, almost, we might say, brutal. He indulges no cheap sentiment, nor tolerates it in his reader. You would never call his stories "nice"—that damaging epithet. But he has, among other things, invention; and now the highest good spirits, and again a kind of sardonic gusto, in the employment of it. And he works in a scheme of colour all his own, and produces an effect of unusual depth and richness. In proof of all which we would again cite the opening "Gallows Bird" story already referred to. Whatever must be said of some of the numbers in the collection, it at least was well worth preserving.

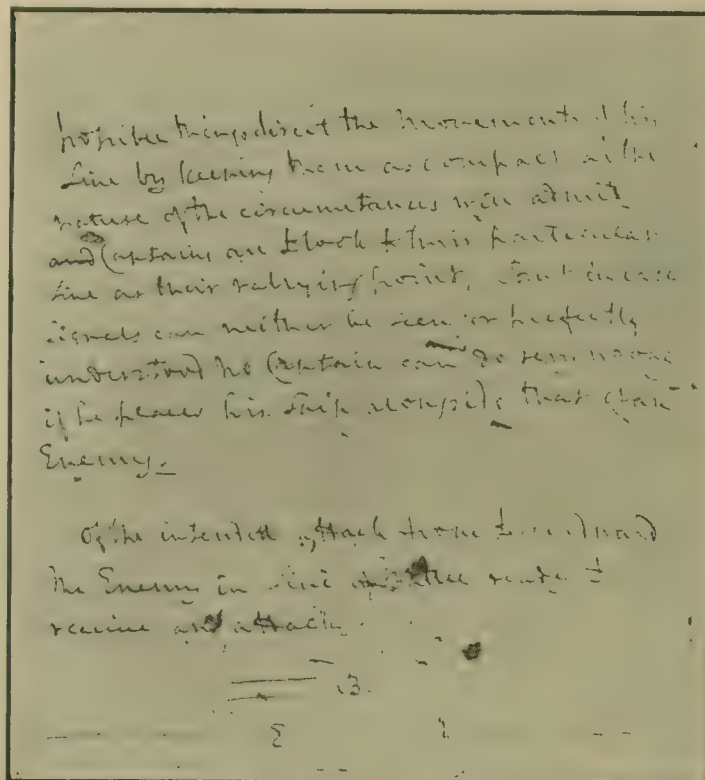
The co-heroes of Mr. Max Pemberton's new novel, "My Sword for Lafayette" (Hodder and Stoughton), are the great French General and statesman whose name appears in the title, and the American, Zaida Kay, whose courage and ingenuity and good right arm were placed at his service. The story breaks somewhat fresh ground in historical-adventure fiction, and for that we are grateful to the author. It is quite a good story, but not a complete success. We did not look for a profound reading of history or a broad sweep of narrative, of course, but Mr. Pemberton has led us to expect a certain sparkle, a certain gallant movement, and these sometimes fail us. The chief weakness of "My Sword for Lafayette" lies in a want of unity in the construction, due, apparently, to a too close following of the hero's life-story, or at any rate a failure in the selection and manipulation of its incidents. We miss a climax. The scenes in America and the scenes in Europe are not properly related. They might, perhaps, have been knitted by the development of the character of Lafayette displayed by a great romancer; but, as a matter of fact, the only person in the book whose nature Mr. Pemberton attempts to show the depths of is Pauline Beauvallet. And Pauline, it may be remarked, will suffer from the prejudice of the average novel-reader, whose sympathy with Honor Grimshaw is not to be satisfied by the vague hint in the editor's footnote which concludes the tale. "My Sword for Lafayette," in fact, is a string of adventures, in the threading of which coincidence plays too great a part. Many of the individual scenes are stirring, but stirring individual scenes do not compose a great romance.

The author of "Lady Beatrice and the Forbidden Man," whose new novel lies before us, believes in a "catchy" title, and is not too precise about its accuracy. "For Which Wife?" (Harpers) suggests a sensational study of bigamy, but this expectation is falsified by the contents. The wives are both legal ones, and they belong to different people. Mr. Philip Anstuther, who plays an inglorious central part, is described as a capital good sort; straight as a die, and level-headed, except where women are concerned. This appears to us to be a mild way of stating his fatuous attitude towards the fair sex. He marries a charming girl for love, takes her on their honeymoon to stay in the house of an old flame (known to be dangerous by recent experience), and there allows himself to be cajoled into flying to America with the intriguing lady, who, to add piquancy to the situation, is the wife of a Canon, and the mother of five. He leaves the house, and telephones the arrangements for the flight from Liverpool, and it is the injured husband and deserted bride who receive the message. We are afraid Philip and the heartless Elsie chose the telephone as a means of communication because the incident would look "fresh" in a society novel, for their ostensible reasons are too weak to be convincing. The writer has a light, amusing touch, and an easy command of language; it seems a pity that she has not employed these pleasant gifts upon better material than the plot of this lively, but highly improbable story.

Granger, an ugly man, once proved that he was the handsomest thing on earth in this wise: "The handsomest part of the world is Europe; of Europe, France; of France, Paris; of Paris, the University; of the University, the College of —; of the College of — the most handsome chamber is mine; in my chamber I am the handsomest thing. Ergo, I am the handsomest thing in the world." Following a similar line of perverse logic, one might prove that "Tales of the Fish Patrol" (Heinemann) is the best book Mr. Jack London has written. It is to be feared that no other mode of argument would yield the same result. Frankly, Mr. London's new work is not of his best; not one of the seven stories that go to its making is worthy to rank with "Children of the Frost," "The Faith of Men," "The Call of the Wild." A writer of novels once said that facts stifled his imagination, and it would seem that Mr. London's experience is akin to his. There is obviously much truth in these tales of his, but little of the truth is strange enough to be

better than good fiction, as little of the fiction is strange enough to be better than good truth. The result is much monotony. "Exciting times are the lot of the fish patrol," says the author; "in its history more than one dead patrolman has marked defeat, and more often dead fishermen across their illegal nets have marked success"—there is fact; most that results from it is matter-of-fact.

Scott is considered a trifle out of date by the modern critic. The novelist never professed to be much else than a story-teller, and his craftsmanship found the hardest critic in himself. "Peveril of the Peak," he said, "smelt of apoplexy." In "The Black Dwarf" he "bungled up a conclusion as a boarding-school Miss finishes a task which she had commenced with great glee and accuracy." He "hated" "Anne of Geierstein," and complained that "Rob Roy" was written up to a name. Yet if he was no professional artist in words he made an epoch. Nothing in history is more pathetic than the tragedy of this literary Samson, who found his Delilah in the building of Abbotsford, and who died so handsomely. When the bankruptcy of his publishers brought ruin on himself, he resolved to pay his creditors in full. "Here I stand," he said, "at least an honest man." It was only four years ago that we learned the circumstances of the bad tidings. When he knew the calamity which had taken him in his pitch of pride, the great romancer sought refuge with little Felicia Skene, and found relief in listening to her fairy-tales. The story is retold in a delightful new biography of Sir Walter by G. Le Grys Norgate (Methuen) who has earned our gratitude by reconstructing from the old and newer sources the story of a fine soul. "I am become," said Sir Walter, in his old age, "a sort of writing automaton." This god from the machine solved the problem of his debts in god-like fashion. Like an



THE TRAFALGAR MEMORANDUM: A PAGE OF NELSON'S FAMOUS DOCUMENT.

The Trafalgar memorandum, in Nelson's handwriting, gives the Admiral's plan of attack for the great battle. After lying for a long time unknown in the hands of a bus-driver, the document has been sold for £3600.

Olympian, he could say at last that he "felt like the Eildon Hills, quite firm though a little cloudy." The last six years of his life are years that literature may well be proud of, not so much because of the books they fathered as because of the man they revealed. They gave us, too, one of the most fascinating of human documents, the "Gurnal," or diary, that formed Sir Walter's antidote to "thick-coming fancies." The biography before us is knitted up with sympathetic analysis of the novels, and interesting information as to the sources from which the author drew them. A chapter on Scott as a lawyer adds a new note. The letterpress is admirably printed, and lightened with dainty pictures of the castles and countries of romance.

Scott's life at Abbotsford was a good deal troubled by the American idolater, but it has been reserved for a later generation to make a science of literary topography. We are now compelled to feel that we have lived in vain if we have not visited the Harz in the track of Heine, or the Lakes because of Wordsworth. Arthur L. Salmon opens up a new field in his "Literary Rambles in the West of England" (Chatto and Windus), taking us with Borrow to Cornwall, Keats to Teignmouth, Herrick to Dean Prior, Coleridge to Clevedon, and (newest and best of all) Hawker to Morwenstow. We all know the Song of the Western Men—

And shall Trelawney die?
Here's twenty thousand Cornishmen
Shall know the reason why—

but how many of us know the man who took the lines and wrote them in our hearts? A mediæval father, transplanted by some freak to the nineteenth century, Hawker believed much in God and much in the Devil. The kindest-hearted of bigots, he lashed and loved the Cornishman. It was he who said that Christ horse-whipped the Dissenters out of the Temple. One wishes that Mr. Salmon had always used his material with such skill as in this delightful monograph.

LONDON CHRONICLES.

BY DR. JAMES GAIRDNER.

"CHRONICLES OF LONDON" ought certainly to possess some interest for Londoners; but what do we mean by the word "London" now? A city frequented for the most part by those who never live in it—many of whom do not live even in the gigantic "County of London" so recently constituted. A city of daily newspapers and printed books, not to mention all the more modern wonders of telegrams, telephones, and other applications of science to the convenience of man. How can the modern Londoner go back to the days before newspapers and printed books—or even before printing—became common, and see how much intelligence was gathered in by the careful—not always too careful—chronicler, from month to month and from year to year? He must restrict his "London" too, within just limits, as merely the City itself, including, no doubt, such places as Fleet Street and Smithfield in the "Suburbs." He may fancy himself taking a walk down Fleet Street as Dr. Johnson did—all the more so, as he will hardly get a vehicle. He may attend a Lord Mayor's Banquet where the Scotch Ambassadors are feasted in Christmas week 1501, and he may feel a civic glow of enthusiasm even for the ancient City while he hears the Scotch poet, Dunbar, who came with the Embassy, commemorating the glories of the Metropolis in verses with the continual refrain—

London, thou art the flour of Cities all.

Well, here are the old "Chronicles of London" (Clarendon Press)—those of them hitherto unprinted—with Dunbar's poem imbedded in one of them. There is a good deal of other poetry besides, such as that with which the civic Muse welcomed Katharine of Aragon on her coming to be married to Prince Arthur, and further back there are verses of Lydgate's to be found greeting the boy King Henry VI. on his return after his Coronation in France. But it must be said that the London chronicles had anything but a poetical beginning. At first they seem to have been purely official, giving merely the names, not of mayors but of "keepers" and bailiffs of the City in the days of Richard I. and King John. The list of mayors begins with Peter FitzAldwin in King John's tenth year, and till we come to the time of Edward III. we have really very little more than a register of the office-bearers in each successive year, except that now and then we find in one year or other a very slender note of occurrences, mostly such as violent winds and big hailstones, with hearsay reports, it may be, of fiery dragons and wicked spirits seen by many people flying in the air. Even under Edward I. the baldness of the official record is but slightly relieved by a note of the capture of Edinburgh Castle and the Scotch regalia, and another of the suppression of the Templars. The events, in fact, are not local till we come to the rising of the commons under Wat Tyler, here called Jack Straw, when Flemings had their heads cut off by the mob for not being able to say "bread and cheese, but 'brode' and 'case'."

The earliest of the chronicles printed here (there are three in all) contains a complete record of the Parliamentary proceedings on the deposition of Richard II. This is the first instance we find of a State paper—and a really lengthy one it is—being embodied in a civic chronicle. There are others besides, such as the great Lollard petition presented in Parliament—in 1407, if the date in this first chronicle be right, though other authorities, with more probability, make it 1410. There are also, *literatim et verbatim*, the mutual complaints of Humphrey Duke of Gloucester, the Protector, and Bishop Beaufort, afterwards Cardinal, with the terms of their reconciliation. These matters certainly concerned the City not a little, when Duke Humphrey, who was very popular with the citizens, was refused admittance to the Tower, the Keeper being a friend of the Bishop's, and could not go to the young King at Eltham, because the Bishop had his archers drawn up at the Southwark end of London Bridge, and the chain was laid across the highway "at the Stoulpes," with barrels and hurdles to form a barricade. Those were lively times, certainly!

The second chronicle, which is a mere fragment, is much more full of matter, so far as it goes; but it has quite as much to do with the wars of Henry V. and the English in France as with anything in England itself. The writer bursts into poetry in his description of the Battle of Agincourt. There are, however, substantial notices of things domestic, as, for example, in the matter just referred to, how the citizens "arayed hem" in behalf of Duke Humphrey.

This chronicle comes down to the twenty-first year of Henry VI.; the first only to the thirteenth year of that King. The third, which is really the most interesting of them all, carries us down through the Wars of the Roses and the reign of Henry VII. to the beginning of Henry the Eighth's reign. It has a good deal of matter in common with the well-known chronicle of Fabyan, and both would seem to be derived from a lost original. But the special value of this chronicle, now edited for the first time, has long been recognised by historical students, especially for the reign of Henry VII. It supplies, among other things, details about Perkin Warbeck and his adherents not to be found elsewhere. Mr. Kingsford, the editor, has done his work admirably, and has certainly earned the gratitude of future historians. But we have no doubt his volume will also interest intelligent readers generally, who love to drink history now and then from its sources as well as from the pages of modern writers. As a frontispiece to the volume a reduced facsimile is given of Ryther's map of London published at Amsterdam in 1604.



1. THE QUEEN OF VEVEY AND HER MAID OF HONOUR.

2. THE QUEEN OF QUEENS ENTERING THE ELYSÉE.

THIS year the Mi-Carême, or Mid-Lent festival, in Paris was particularly interesting, because the Market Queens of the French capital were reinforced by their sister sovereigns from Rome, Madrid, and Vevey. The chief of them all was the Parisian Queen of Queens, who paid a State visit to the President at the Elysée Palace. She entered



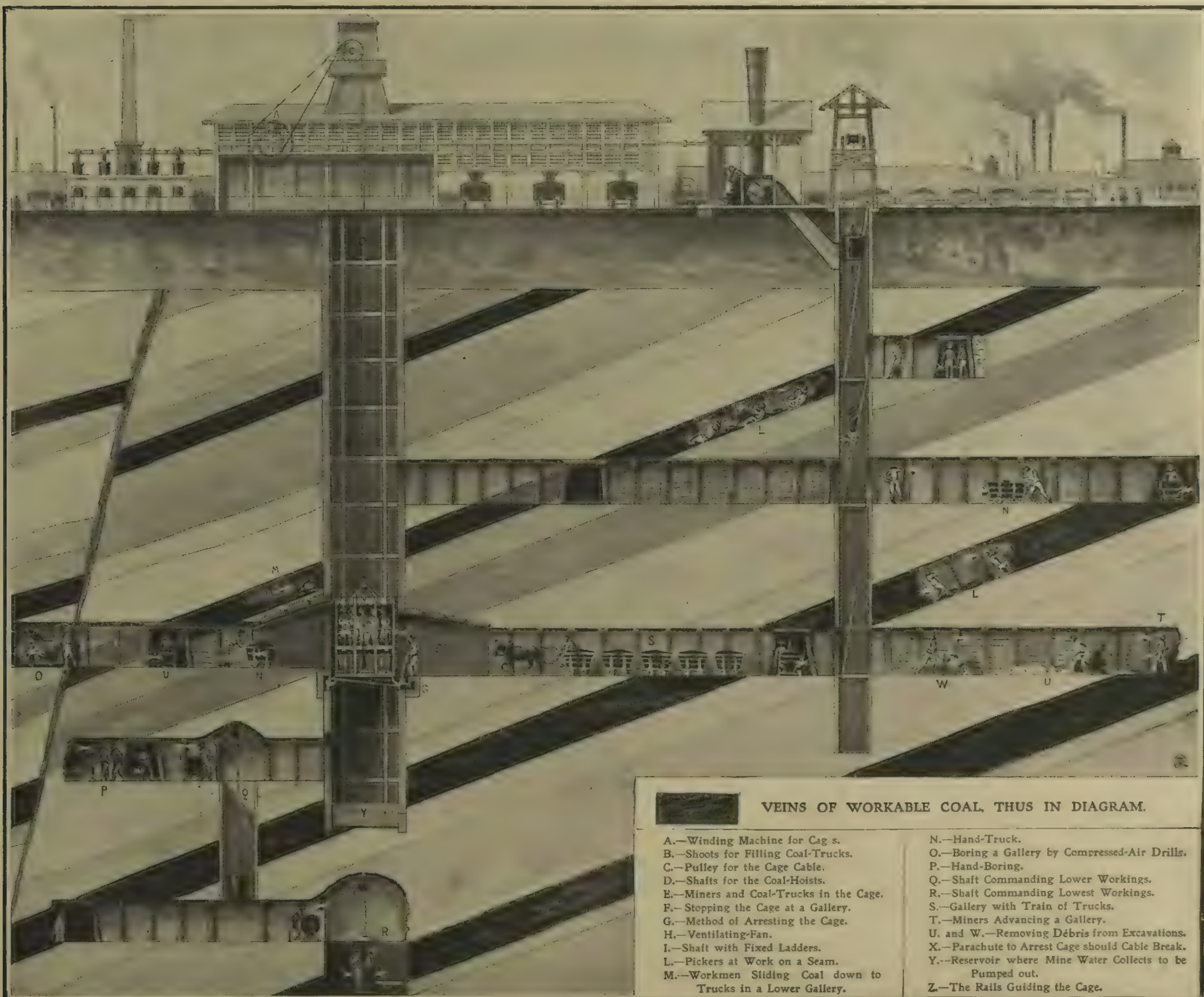
3. THE MARKET QUEEN OF MADRID AND HER MAID OF HONOUR.

4. THE QUEEN OF THE FISHERS FROM THE PAS DE CALAIS.

M. Fallières' official residence leaning on the arm of the President of the Paris Markets Committee. In the procession the Queens were carried on a car symbolising "The Latin Union." Another car was entitled "The Quiet House." It represented a building of two storeys, and was inhabited by two clowns, who cut all sorts of knockabout antics.

COURTESY QUEENS IN PARIS: THE MID-LENT QUEEN OF QUEENS AND HER ROYAL VISITORS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HAMILTON.



VEINS OF WORKABLE COAL, THUS IN DIAGRAM.

- | | |
|------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------|
| A.—Winding Machine for Cages. | N.—Hand-Truck. |
| B.—Shoots for Filling Coal-Trucks. | O.—Boring a Gallery by Compressed-Air Drills. |
| C.—Pulley for the Cage Cable. | P.—Hand-Boring. |
| D.—Shafts for the Coal-Hoists. | Q.—Shaft Commanding Lower Workings. |
| E.—Miners and Coal-Trucks in the Cage. | R.—Shaft Commanding Lowest Workings. |
| F.—Stopping the Cage at a Gallery. | S.—Gallery with Train of Trucks. |
| G.—Method of Arresting the Cage. | T.—Miners Advancing a Gallery. |
| H.—Ventilating-Fan. | U. and W.—Removing Débris from Excavations. |
| I.—Shaft with Fixed Ladders. | X.—Parachute to Arrest Cage should Cable Break. |
| L.—Pickers at Work on a Seam. | Y.—Reservoir where Mine Water Collects to be Pumped out. |
| M.—Workmen Sliding Coal down to Trucks in a Lower Gallery. | Z.—The Rails Guiding the Cage. |

WHERE LIVES ARE RISKED FOR FUEL: THE ELABORATE ORGANISATION OF A MODERN COAL-MINE.

FROM A DRAWING BY M. H. COURIOT, PROFESSOR OF MINING AT THE ÉCOLE CENTRALE, PARIS.

The section gives a good general idea of such coal workings as those in which the Courrières miners perished. Coal usually lies in oblique seams, reached by horizontal galleries. These seams are seldom continuous, but are interrupted by "faults," as geologists call the fractures of strata. One of these is shown at the left of the picture, where it appears like a huge crack in the formation.

ART NOTES.

MR. BAILLIE'S gallery in Baker Street is overblown with flowers: they overblow on to the walls of staircase and passages. It is a revelation, this exhibition of "Flowers by Modern Flower-Painters," the first of a series of proposed annual events in this agreeable gallery. It would seem that we are a nation not of portrait-painters, of animal-painters, of landscape-painters, nor painters of allegory, battles, or anecdote, but of flowers. This is what Mr. Baillie's collection would persuade us to, for his gallery is full of admirable pictures, more admirable, we are tempted to think, than a collection of English pictures of any other one subject would easily be. England lacks the sun of Biarritz, as she has recently been reminded, but she loves gardens, and the artists have given, to a degree we had hardly suspected, expression to this national affection.

But it is no surprise to find Mr. George Clausen's a master hand in this branch of painting. Flowers, wild and of the cottage, must have been much in the eye of this artist of the fields; and one can imagine him working at an easel set up on a floor of daisies, and it is certain that the cottages to which he goes for rest or shelter would have their plots of stocks and roses and their pots of geraniums. And one may look to him to love and paint the flowers of truly English character, each in its proper season. The town painter of bought flowers may expend a delicate touch on forced carnations or exotic roses; but his work will not be so peculiarly full of association, of the spirit of flowering England, as Mr. Clausen's. His "Roses" and "Spring Flowers" speak as much of the cottage and country-side as the crowing of cocks or the smell of new-mown hay.

The one piece by Fantin-Latour is an indispensable item in an exhibition where his influence is generally

strong, though not, of course, on so individual a painter as Mr. Clausen. Mr. D. S. MacColl, for instance, is frankly and excellently a plagiarist, and Mr. Chowne, although he has never painted with more effect than in the canvases included in this exhibition, brings little that is not to be found in the French flower-master. Of the painters whom we do not in the first place associate with flower-painting, Mr. Hayward and Mr. Ferguson are

moreover, very few of the exhibitors have experimented in the lighting of their subjects. How beautiful are flowers against the light!—and yet there are but one or two studies made in that aspect. Mr. H. S. Tuke, Mr. Frank Bramley, Mrs. Dods-Withers, Mr. Livens, Mr. Grosvenor Thomas, Miss Jessie Algie, Mr. Glyn Philpot, Miss Katherine Cameron, and Mr. Francis James are among many who show very skilful and very attractive pictures.

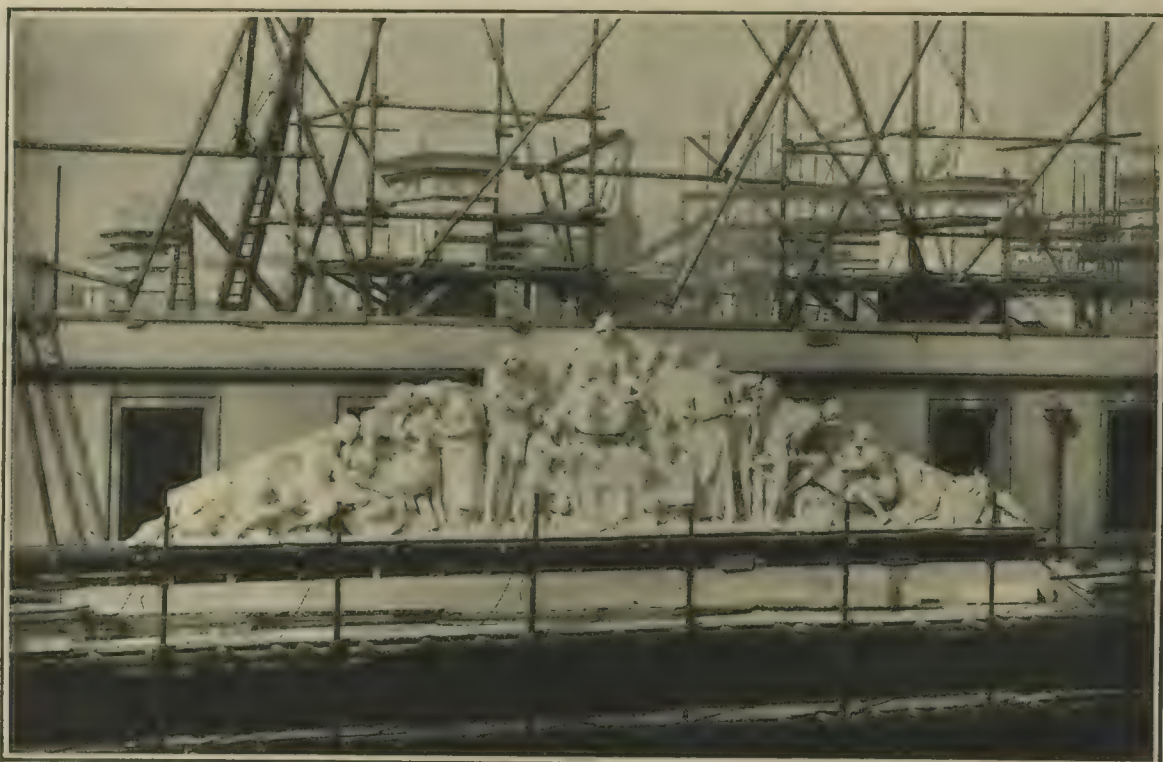


Photo. Balas.

RESTRICTED SCULPTURE IN THE NEW GOVERNMENT OFFICES: THE ONLY GROUP TO BE SET UP.

In pursuit of its economical policy, the Government has cancelled all the sculptured groups save one ordered for the new offices of the Educational Department in Whitehall. The stone had been delivered and prepared, and machinery had been procured for putting it into position, but the Government has not considered it expedient to go on with the project. The group here illustrated is the only one that will appear.

prominently successful. The latter is compelled to some share of delicacy of technique when he has to deal with so fair and clean a subject as "Wisteria," and his painting is much improved by the compulsion. Mr. Hayward's work is distinguished by originality of arrangement and design. The bulk of the work at Mr. Baillie's gallery is strangely uniform in respect to composition. A vase, some flowers—that is all; and,

folios which are now accessible to the student only in the British Museum.

W. M.

Mr. Austin Brereton is to publish through Messrs. Treherne "The Literary History of the Adelphi." Mr. Brereton has had unique opportunities of studying the subject, and he will include in his book material hitherto unpublished. There will be many illustrations.

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LADIES' PAGES.

KING EDWARD said one of those graceful things so much appreciated in France when he stated that Biarritz had done him good daily more and more, and that he wished he could transport some of the sun that he has there enjoyed to his own country. The influence that the royal presence exerts is being anew proved in this case, for many people have transferred their patronage this year from the Riviera resorts to the French south-west coast, simply to be near the King. It must not be supposed, however, by delicate-chested folk that Biarritz and its neighbourhood are quite like the South of France winter resorts. The sheltering range of hills that protects the Riviera from a part of the worst effects of cold winds, and that at the same time seems to hold and condense the sunshine, is not equally the prerogative of the Biscayan coast, and the consequence is that the fall in temperature that is felt at dusk even on the Riviera is intensified at Biarritz, where the state of affairs at this season is like plunging from summer into winter, and back again, every alternate twelve hours. The climate at Cannes and Nice is by no means ever balmy and delicious; it can snow there, and it often rains, and at times its wind blows some of the keenest and most cuttingly dangerous blasts imaginable. If invalids of small means but knew how difficult it is for wealth to find the perfect climate, much discontent and needless longing would be assuaged. But still, the blessed Southern sunshine, of which we get so sadly little in our sea-girt isle, makes amends for many drawbacks where it can be found, and the King has followed the example of the late Queen in living much in a tent, breakfasting and working at State papers thus in the open air.

The "Mothers' Union," which waited upon the Minister of Education the other day, is a Church of England organisation, as the theories that the deputation laid down might indicate. They claimed that all sectarian schools should be maintained by the State, that the teachers should be members of the sect, and should give its instruction during school hours, and that an exclusively secular system of State education would imperil the standard of morality. The "Mothers' Union" in this, of course, only repeats the view of Churchmen. That might be expected from the fact that the Union has its offices at Church House, Westminster, and was mainly founded and is officered by Bishops' wives. The stated objects are to uphold the sanctity of marriage, to impress mothers with their responsibilities in training their children, and to help them to meet for prayer for their families. I understand that the great majority of the members, who it is stated number a quarter of a million, belong to the poorer classes. Another event to chronicle is a renewed attempt to lead working women to join trade unions. Holborn Town Hall was completely filled with a gathering of genuine working-class



AN EMPIRE TEA-GOWN.

The loose and gracefully draped folds of the Empire style are applied successfully to a tea-gown in fine lace over satin, with satin belt held by a buckle.

toilers for bread, and speeches, most of them excellent, were delivered by Miss Glen, of the National Union of Telephonists, Miss Hope, of the Postal Employees, Miss Hodges, of the Dressmakers' Union, and others. The most successful women's union, if the expression may be permitted, is not a woman's but a mixed one—to wit, that of the Textile Trades of Lancashire and Yorkshire. The great majority of members of this union are women employed in the factories, where they are the most numerous class of workers. It was stated at the Holborn meeting by Miss Gertrude Tuckwell, who was in the chair, that there are now eighty thousand women in trade societies.

Englishwomen have not, as a class, figures that are well suited by the Princess or corselet type of cut, all in one from the top to the skirt portion. Or is it possibly more just to our dear selves to say that we are less willing than French ladies are to avail ourselves of the aid of art in improving Nature? It may be that Englishwomen do not think of the possibilities of the case so much; we are not naturally so *coquette* as our Gallic sisters. Certain it is that Frenchwomen generally will wear "hip-pieces" and other supports and additions to make a gown fit as if the wearer had been poured into it, where the Englishwoman is content merely to put on her corsets. Even there she too often fails to realise that the corset should be as carefully fitted to her individual peculiarities as her gown itself. Without this careful foundation, the most skilful handiwork on the part of the dressmaker cannot give a thoroughly successful result. This point deserves a little emphasis at the present juncture, for the long reign of the easy fit has caused the corsetière's real importance to be half forgotten. I am not suggesting tight-lacing, mind; it is open to every woman, and it is certainly incumbent on every sensible woman who works in any way, to consider comfort and hygiene first of all; but if you do elect to have a Princess-cut or corselet gown, then it will not be a success unless it be well moulded over good corsets. Dressmakers consider, I learn, that a modification of the corselet is less difficult for the figure than the strict cut all in one. This modification consists in the complete corselet-belt made separately, and the skirt fitted on to it round the sides and back as invisibly as possible, the front gore of the skirt alone being cut in one piece to the height of the corselet, and hooked or buttoned up over the corselet.

Skirts are cut very wide at the lower part, but sit most closely over the hips; they are fitted by careful cutting, and are set in to the belt with as few pleats as possible even at the back. To meet the difficulty of keeping distended gracefully a skirt that is so tight-fitting at the top and so suddenly full below the hips, there are being offered to the fashionable modistes by enterprising manufacturers quite a variety of stiffening linings to foot the jupon withal. A material such as crinolette

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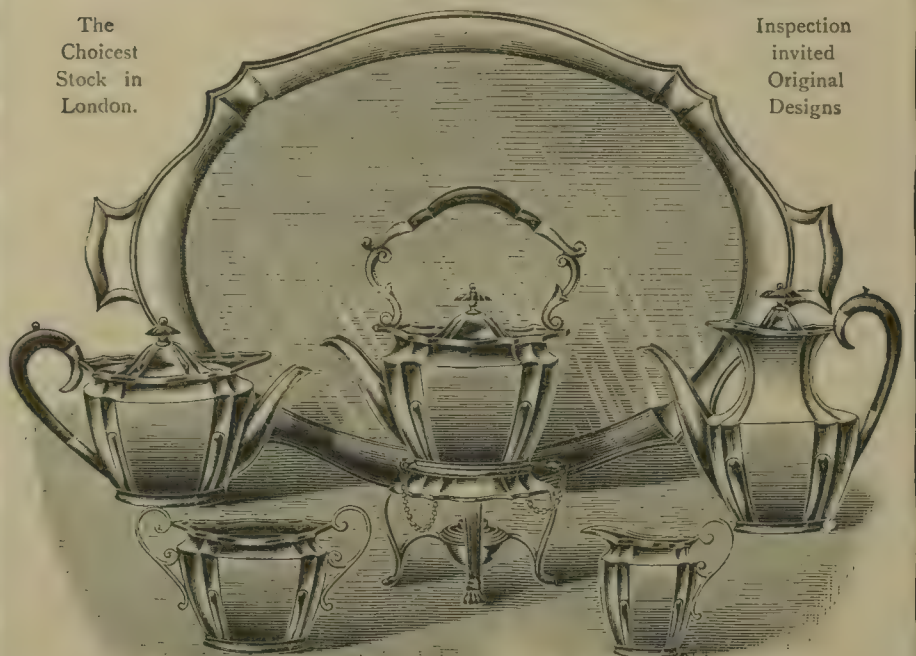
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"Plasmon Cocoa contains all the constituents able to support life; it is mildly stimulating whilst highly nourishing." One Cup of Plasmon Cocoa contains more nourishment than 10 Cups of any ordinary cocoa, and is absolutely free from chemicals and added starchy matter.



AIDS DIGESTION,
PROMOTES
REFRESHING
SLEEP.

IN TINS: 9d., 1/4, 2/6.

PLASMON, Ltd., (Contractors to H.M. Government), Farringdon Street, London.

PETER ROBINSON'S

OXFORD ST.

A DAINY BLOUSE.

"VALLÉE."

Improved Model of the French Accordion-pleated Blouse, in rich Crêpe de Chiné, handsome Lace Yoke and Cuffs. In Ivory and Colours.

35/6

In all Black - - 37/6
O.S. size in Colours 42/-
O.S. size in all Black - 45/-

EXCLUSIVE MODEL.

Selection sent on Approval
if Desired.

CAREFUL ATTENTION to LETTER ORDERS



is further stiffened by cordings, or even by a row of some wire-like or whalebone-imitating stuff, pliable and narrow, I grant, but unquestionably marching towards the long-threatened revival of crinoline. Fore-warning may check the tendency: when a similar insidious attempt was made some dozen years ago, Queen Alexandra and several other leaders of Society set their faces against the idea firmly and at once. It was made known that the then Princess of Wales and her daughters at once returned to their dressmakers for alteration all the gowns sent home with the least attempt at stiffening by steels or whalebones. The danger was averted then, but it is a little more urgent now, I think, because the Paris fashion authorities are taking so many other ideas in design from the period of the Second Empire, when crinoline flourished among the rest. With skirts widening so abruptly just about the knees, as the new ones are being cut to do, it is extremely difficult to get a nice flow of drapery, unless there is some artificial support. If the fullness be set in at the waist by gathers or pleats, it falls gracefully round the feet without further attention; but this is not the case when the umbrella or much-gored patterns are resorted to in order to have skirts close-fitting round the top of the shape and flowing forth very widely lower down—then it is that a temptation arises before the dressmaker to allow herself the aid of some artificial assistance to hold forth the folds of the drapery. Then, also, it is that, with the natural tendency of any fashion to go on to exaggeration, we find ourselves drawn towards the vortex of absurdity and mischief that is known as crinoline.

Queen Alexandra's patronage of the anti-osprey movement is, of course, most important. Her Majesty's letter deprecating the use of this bird's plumes on millinery has been copied into every newspaper, and the effect will certainly be considerable. An energetic little society has devoted money and energy to this point for years past, and its members are naturally overjoyed to have secured such a powerful influence on their side. It is definitely stated in the letter written by her Majesty's command on the subject that she does not wear osprey plumes herself. Many other ladies would make the same statement who, nevertheless, have had the advantage of innumerable toques finished off with wavy aigrettes of the class of the osprey plume; but they have been told by their milliners, and they have innocently believed, that these were "imitations." The Protection of Birds Society indignantly brands this statement as a falsehood. A large number of those graceful feathery finishes of the milliner's handiwork that had been specially vouched for to the purchasers as "artificial," or "made-up, Madam," were examined by an expert for the Society, and in every case the light and graceful aigrette proved to be a natural osprey plume. So those who wish to say with the Queen that they do not wear osprey plumes must be prepared to resign altogether that class of effect in millinery. Of course, the idea of refusing to profit by animal suffering may be much extended. A well-known lady doctor (no



A PRINCESS CLOTH DRESS.

The front breadth of the skirt is carried up and fastened on the shoulders over a lace vest, the same lace forming the cuffs at the elbow. Strappings of the cloth ornament the skirt, and are stitched.

longer living) purposeful in humanitarianism, tried to avoid causing any suffering to animals for her personal good or use. She was a vegetarian; that goes without saying; and she would not wear sealskin or any other fur, as to procure it a trapped animal had probably languished for hours or days in a cruel captivity and then been killed; nor would she wear kid gloves, or any article such as a belt made from leather; but her foot-gear baffled even her humanitarianism—she could find no substitute that would endure the hard work of walking through all weathers for the leather to supply her with which an animal had to be killed—so at this point her laborious consistency broke down.

We are so very materialistic in this scientific age that it is wonderful how many of us must have our amulets and porte-bonheurs, and lucky trinkets! Human nature remains the same from age to age, and it is quite in keeping with this well-established fact that Messrs. Benson, the fashionable jewellers of 25, Old Bond Street, should be scoring a success with their reproduction of the oldest-known trinket to bring "good luck"—the ancient Egyptian Symbol of Long Life. The form of this is a cross with a loop at the top of it; it is repeated over and over again on the monuments of four thousand years old that still stand in Egypt—the gods are always represented holding it to the mouth of the Pharaohs, and it is evident that it was a tremendous symbol and talisman in the ideas of that mystical and wonderful ancient nation. Messrs. Benson are offering the reproduction in all sorts of forms; as plain gold or gold and enamel cuff-studs it is very successful. In enamel and gold it also comes as a charm, a brooch, or a bracelet, while, set with diamonds and other gems of price, the talismanic form becomes a distinctive ornament of every description, including earrings and finger-rings and pendants.

Surely a manufacturer gives the fullest proof of faith in his own preparations when he offers to send a free trial sample. Such sublime confidence in the result of a trial is displayed by "Edwards' Harlene" manufacturers. "Harlene," as a preparation for stimulating the growth and beauty of the hair, is so successful that a welcome will be assured for the other toilet preparations of the same house. One of these is a shampoo powder, known as Cremex. For hair that is of a dry character there is Edwards' "Uzon Brilliantine." Then there comes from the same makers a dainty dentifrice with a special faculty for removing the smell of tobacco or other odour from the mouth; this is known by the fanciful name of "Junofloris," and no doubt it will be speedily sampled by the legion of users of the old favourite "Harlene."—FILOMENA.

"I love
bath night
now Mummie
uses
**WRIGHT'S
COAL TAR
SOAP**"



A Practical Invention

THAT DEVELOPS HAIR GROWTH.

We contend that if there is anything that will actually produce a growth of hair, its virtue should first be satisfactorily proved in each individual case before any payment is made by the intending purchaser.

We have demonstrated beyond all question that in cases where the life principle is not absolutely destroyed, a reasonable use of our invention, the Evans Vacuum Cap, will develop a natural and permanent growth of hair, and we show our confidence in making this statement by supplying the apparatus on a sixty days' trial, and wholly at the expense of our Company.

We do not wish it to be inferred from this that a complete restoration of the hair can be obtained within sixty days, but our experience shows that a sufficient growth of hair can be developed within this period to fully satisfy one as to effectiveness of this method.

It is a means of obtaining a free and active circulation in the scalp without rubbing or causing irritation, and there are no chemicals or lotions employed.

The Cap is used three or four minutes each day, and it requires only about ten days to make the scalp loose and pliable, which condition is absolutely essential to the life and growth of the hair—the hair cannot thrive in a tight and congested scalp.

The effects produced by the Vacuum are pleasant and exhilarating. It gives the scalp a delightful, tingling sensation, and produces a healthy glow, which denotes the presence of renewed vitality.

Channels which have been practically dormant for years are stimulated, all follicle life is revived to activity, and by supplying the hair roots with nutrition each day in this way the weak, colourless hair is in time developed to its natural growth and strength.

OUR GUARANTEE.

We will send an Evans Vacuum Cap, carriage paid, and will allow sixty days to prove its virtue.

As evidence of good faith we ask that you deposit the price of the Cap with the Chancery Lane Safe Deposit Co., of London, where the money will remain pending the results of the trial period. This deposit is subject to your own order, and therefore should you not be convinced that the Cap will restore your hair, you can instruct the Deposit Company to return your money, which they will do promptly and without question or comment.

Let us send you our book, which describes and illustrates this appliance. Even if you are not in need of it we know you will be interested in the invention and what it has accomplished.

We send the book, post free, on application. (Please mention "The Illustrated London News.")

THE EVANS VACUUM CAP CO.,
Regent House, Regent Street, W.

A Word to Mothers.

THERE is little to choose between Cadbury's absolutely pure cocoa essence and milk, so closely allied are they in composition. It is highly nourishing, and as a daily beverage for growing children it is unexcelled. Choose Cadbury's Cocoa.



CADBURY'S
COCOA

COMFORT FOR THE FEET

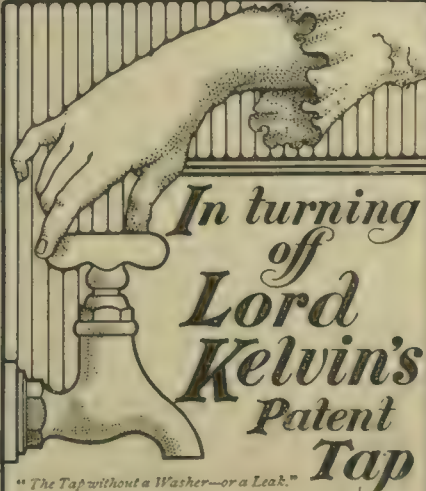
can be obtained to an inestimable degree by wearing **Paul's Patent Mittens for the Feet**. Much of the discomfort attributed to boots is caused by stockings. This is removed by wearing these mittens. For dancing they are unique. No more Corns or Bunions, Ingrowing Toe Nails, Hot Perspiring Feet, Chilblains, or Cold Feet. Send for Full Particulars—
L. N. PAUL & CO., 25, WITTON ROAD, ASTON MANOR.



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DISTILLED IN SCOTLAND



IN TURNING OFF Lord Kelvin's patent Tap for Hot and Cold Water, the Valve does not come to a sudden stop as in ordinary Taps, but is gradually seated, and by this means the composite valve and metallic seat are maintained in a permanently efficient condition.

These Taps have neither Washers nor Packing to become leaky, and are fully tested and guaranteed. Sold by first class Plumbers and Ironmongers everywhere.

Write DEPT. A. for Explanatory Booklet, Free.

SOLE MANUFACTURERS:

The Palatine Engineering Co. Ltd.
LIVERPOOL.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

MAY-MEETING programmes are already prepared, and among the many anniversaries none is likely to be more attractive than that of the S.P.G. Three Archbishops have promised to speak at the Exeter Hall meetings on May 10, and the Bishop of Ossory will preach the annual sermon on May 10.

Islington, and was a personal friend of Bishop Blomfield. Middle-aged Londoners remember him best as perpetual curate of Holy Trinity, St. Giles-in-the-Fields. He was deeply interested in prophetic questions, and a close student of the Book of Revelation. In 1867 he became Vicar of St. Margaret's, Ipswich, resigning in 1895 on account of increasing years.

The Bishop of Worcester's Lenten visits to the villages in his diocese are proving very successful. In

memorial stone on the building recording this fact. The east window is to be filled with stained glass presented by the tenants, workers, and children on the estate as a memorial to the late peer.

The Bishop of London was far from well on the third Sunday in Lent, when he opened his mission in St. Pancras Parish Church. His voice showed, however, no signs of fatigue, and he was perfectly heard in every part of this large building. The



THE BEAUTIFUL SITUATION OF THE HOSPITAL.



THE VERANDAHS FOR THE OPEN-AIR CURE.

THE VICTORIA MEMORIAL HOSPITAL AT NICE, OPENED BY PRINCESS CHRISTIAN, MARCH 17.

Nice, the scene of Queen Victoria's last sojourn abroad, has commemorated her late Majesty in the Victoria Memorial Hospital, an institution that has long been needed for the town. The opening ceremony was attended by many members of the British and American colonies, and the local authorities were also present.

The Bishop of Stepney has been visiting Leeds, and spoke on behalf of the Church of England Men's Society. Dr. Gordon Lang is very popular in Leeds, where he worked for four years as assistant curate at the parish church under Dr. Talbot. There were crowded attendances at the two public meetings he addressed during his twenty-four hours' visit to Leeds, and also at his midday sermon in Holy Trinity Church, Boar Lane.

The late Canon Garratt, who died at Ipswich last week at the age of eighty-nine, was one of the most venerated leaders of the Evangelical party in East Anglia. He began his career as curate of St. Stephen's,

most places he has not only preached, but visited the sick, inspected the schools, held interviews with church officials, and met the people socially. His motor-car covered nearly four hundred miles in sixteen days. On one occasion the Bishop was caught in a snowstorm near Edgely field and lost his way, but happily no harm was done except to his car.

A church dedicated to St. John the Evangelist has been opened at Park, an outlying portion of the parish of Beaulieu, Hants, as a chapel-of-ease to the Abbey Church. The church was the gift of the late Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, and his son has placed a

crowd at St. Pancras Church was quite as large as those at Highgate and Islington, but owing to the abundant space in the galleries, few were sent away disappointed.

Canon Newbolt has been suffering from illness, and was obliged last week to interrupt his course of sermons at St. Paul's Church, Covent Garden.

Canon Henson delivered an earnest and sympathetic address at the annual meeting of the London Wesleyan Mission, which was held last week in City Road Chapel. Mr. Will Crooks, M.P., remarked that several of Canon Henson's parishioners were on the platform. V.

The Allenburys' Foods.



MOTHER AND CHILD.
Baby, 6 1/2 months of age. Fed from birth on the Allenburys' Foods.

A Pamphlet on Infant Feeding and Management
(48 pages) free on request.

The Allenburys' Foods.

The "Allenburys" Milk Food No. 1 consists of fresh cow's milk scientifically modified so as to closely resemble human milk in composition. The excess of casein (indigestible curd) in the cow's milk has been removed, and the deficiency of fat and milk-sugar made good. The method of manufacture pasteurises the milk and absolutely precludes all risk of contamination with noxious germs. Thus a perfect substitute for the natural food of the child is obtained and vigorous growth and health is promoted.

The "Allenburys" Foods are like suet for the robust and delicate, and children thrive upon them as on no other diet.

No starchy or farinaceous food should be given to an infant under six months of age, it is not only useless, for the young infant cannot digest starch, but is a frequent cause of illness and rickets.

MILK FOOD No. 1.	MILK FOOD No. 2.	MALTED FOOD No. 3.
<i>From birth to 3 months.</i>	<i>From 3 to 6 months.</i>	<i>From 6 months upwards.</i>

ALLEN & HANBURY'S Ltd., Lombard Street, LONDON.

United States: Niagara Falls, N.Y. Canada: 68, Gerrard St. East, Toronto.
Australasia: 7, Spring St., Sydney. South Africa: 35, Castle St., Cape Town.

"Sanitas"

is distinctly
the best disinfectant
for household use.

"SANITAS" does not stain linen.
Its non-poisonous qualities make it absolutely safe for both purifying and medicinal purposes.
Its aromatic odour is most agreeable.
Its powerful germicidal qualities make it invaluable in warding off disease and keeping the household sweet, pure and clean.

"SANITAS" also purifies the air by its active oxygen.
"SANITAS" should be on hand in every home and used regularly in all W.C.'s and for the sinks, drains, traps, garbage pail, etc., to keep them free from germs and bad odours—to purify the air by spraying—to keep the home in health.

"SANITAS" is strongly recommended by physicians.

Send for free booklet "How to Disinfect."

The "SANITAS" Co., Ltd.,
Locksley Street, Limehouse,
London, E.

Southalls'

SANITARY ABSORBENT,
ANTISEPTIC and of
DOWNY SOFTNESS

Towels

THE ORIGINAL AND BEST.
In Packets containing 1 dozen from 6d. to 2s.
A SAMPLE PACKET
containing three size O, and one each size 1, 2 and 4, post free for 6 stamps
on application to the LADY MANAGER, 17, Bull Street, Birmingham.
**SOUTHALL'S SANITARY SHEETS (for Accouche-
ment), in three sizes, 1/-, 2/-, and 2/6 each.**
From all Drapers, Ladies' Outfitters and Chemists.



NOTICE.



WHITE LABEL over **5** years old



RED LABEL over **9** years old.



BLACK LABEL over **12** years old.

In response to numerous enquiries, we beg to inform the public that all our Whiskies sold under our labels as above conform to the analytical standard fixed by the Prosecution in the recent Whisky Case.

John Walker & Sons Ltd.

KILMARNOCK, Scotland.

MORE THAN ONE-HALF OF THE CHOCOLATE IMPORTED INTO GREAT-BRITAIN IS CAILLER'S (vide Board-of-Trade Returns). PREFERENCE for this Superlatively Nutritious MILK-CHOCOLATE is UNDOUBTEDLY SHOWN in the ABOVE FACT.

CAILLER'S

£10,000

in valuable prizes (including Bank-of-England Notes) is being distributed, month by month, during 1906, in an easy competition; full particulars of which are enclosed in each dainty package. Sold everywhere from 1d. to 1s.



KODAK Easter Hampers

COMPLETE PHOTOGRAPHIC OUTFITS, WITH FULL DIRECTIONS, ENABLING ANYONE TO COMMENCE PHOTOGRAPHY AT ONCE.

HAMPER No. 1

Price 21s.

No. 1 Brownie Kodak, giving 2½ by 2½ inch pictures,

And the following: Kodak Daylight Tank Developer, Spools of film for 12 pictures, Developer, Fixing Salts, Solio Self-toning paper, Printing-Frame, Dish, Measure, and Instructions.

HAMPER No. 2

Price 25s.

No. 2 Brownie Kodak, giving 3½ by 2½ inch pictures.

Other Outfits at £2 2s. and £4 4s.

EVERYTHING IS DONE IN DAYLIGHT.

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KODAK, Ltd., 57-61, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.
Branches—96, Bold Street, Liverpool; 72-74, Buchanan Street, Glasgow; 59, Brompton Road, S.W.; 60, Cheapside, E.C.; 115, Oxford Street, W.; 171-173, Regent Street, W.; and 40, Strand, London, W.C.; and all Dealers.

THE TALLERMAN TREATMENT

The Recognised Successful Method of
LOCALISED APPLICATION OF SUPERHEATED DRY AIR
FOR ACUTE AND CHRONIC DISEASES.

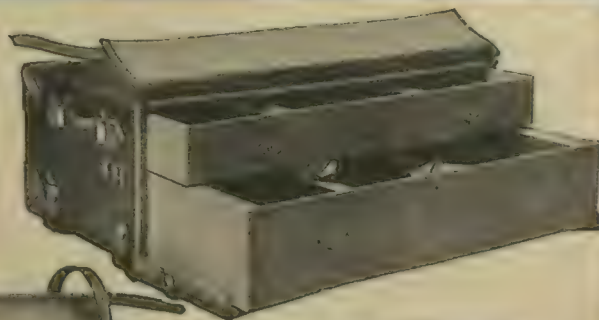
Rheumatoid-Arthritis, Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuritis, Eczema, Anæmia, Sprain, &c., &c.

UNDER MEDICAL SUPERVISION.

For Terms of Treatment or Hire of Apparatus, write for Pamphlet No. 2.

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FOOTS' DRAWER TRUNKS.



NO CRUSHING,
NO CONFUSION.
EASY ACCESS TO ALL PARTS.

Each article in these Trunks is instantly get-at-able, and can be removed without disturbing the remainder of contents. Separate compartments for Linen, Clothes, Hats, Boots, &c. Looks like an ordinary trunk, but holds 100 lbs. of goods. FOOT'S "EUREKA" DRAWER TRUNKS combine Strength, Lightness and Durability, together with home comfort, convenience, and the saving of much time and trouble.

Four Models. Four Qualities. Six Sizes.

Write for Booklet
"TRUNKS FOR TRAVELLERS," NO. 7.

J. FOOT & SON
(Dept. T.B. 7).

171, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.

MARSYALNITSA: THE FEAST OF MEAT.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT IN RUSSIA.

CLASH, CRASH! merrily ring the bells over the horses' heads as they dash madly along, responding apparently with glee to the excited voices of the holiday-making Russian peasants seated behind them in the broad-bottomed, gaily decorated sleigh. For this is Marsyalnitsa, or the Feast of Meat, a feast extending over one week. The first four days the peasant devotes entirely to his stomach, for whereas his ordinary food during the year is black bread, vegetable soup, tea, with now and then milk, eggs, and vodka, he fairly gives himself up to an orgy of meat and drink during these four days, and, if merry, is merry indoors, leaving the end of the week for demonstrations of gaiety in the open. It may be imagined with what zest he attacks the viands laid out promiscuously and in abundance, when one realises that everything of a saleable nature—eggs,

the denizens of neighbouring villages pay visits to one another and feed together, afterwards driving their horses alternately at the gallop and at a leisurely, dignified trot to the sound of the concertinas played energetically and with more or less alcoholic exuberance by numerous decidedly amateur accompanists. On Friday night all go early to bed to prepare for the two final and most important days of the Feast—Saturday and Sunday. On these two days, feasting, driving,

sundry, the while they shout "Mashlelnitshsha: Shlava Bog" (Marsyalnitsa: Slava Bog—God be praised; alcoholic utterance, it may be noted, being the same the world over), and kiss one another frantically, finally



THE NOVICE STAKES: A HALF-MILE RACE FOR UNTRAINED ARABS.

BRITISH SPORT IN EGYPT: OFFICERS' GYMKHANA AT GHEZIREH.

The Gymkhana was held at Ghezireh on March 17, and had a huge success with Cairo Society.



"THE AFFINITY STAKES" AT THE GHEZIREH GYMKHANA.

A lady and gentleman rider holding a ribbon between them had to gallop 200 yards round a post without letting the ribbon go.

butter, cheese, fish—is as a rule sold during the winter months to obtain money, for of work there is practically none obtainable during the seven months of snow.

The last three days of the week the Feast goes on, with the exception that meat is prohibited, and now


haustible thirst. On Sunday night the drinking reaches its height. All form large circles, and dance and drink, drink and dance, till, as midnight approaches, King Vodka reigns supreme. Many are too intoxicated to do anything but roll helplessly and idiotically about, embracing all and

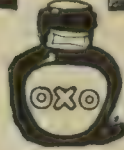
dancing, and drinking reach their height, especially the latter, the amount of vodka consumed being enormous. The peasants dance, sing, and drink, and then drive madly through the village, returning again only to quench their apparently inex-

endeavouring to dance a jig and falling—inert masses of human flesh, sans thought, sans sight, sans tout—into the snow, whence they are dragged by comrades less alcoholically impregnated, or by their female relations who, as a rule, partake not to such an extreme.

At 11.30 p.m. the church bell is tolled by the priest as a warning to his flock that the end of the feast is approaching. Previous to this has the bell been tolled at five p.m., and I can vouch for it that the flock answered to the warning with a will, drinking deeper and becoming more wildly excited at the thought that but a few hours remained. But from 11.30, when the bell begins tolling, to twelve midnight, when it ends, the scene beggars description. Pandemonium reigns, and all thoughts of morality or propriety are thrown to the winds. All give themselves up to one unbridled bestial orgy till clang, clang, clang, goes the big churchbell tolling the hour of twelve—the hour ordained by the Church that the feast must cease, and with it the gaiety, the dancing, the drinking, the eating, all.

For from that moment till Easter, a period of seven






The Reason Why.

Why have you lengthened your
little boy's frock so?

He quite outgrew it by
drinking **OXO.**





The

Whisky

Mellowed

by

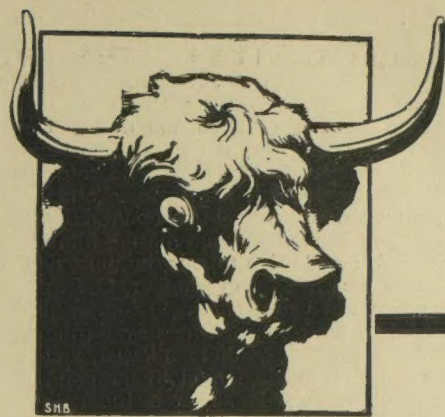
Maturity.

DEWAR'S



Who

said



BOVRIL?

"I!"

said the guard;

"For those who work hard—

"I

said

Bovril"

S.H.B.

IN BEAUTY'S TRAIN

It is said that "beauty is only skin deep," though the truth of the statement is open to doubt. That the hair rootlets are only skin deep admits of no argument. Yet if beauty is to be preserved no feature is of more vital importance to a handsome or pretty face than a luxuriant abundance of lovely hair, full of fresh vigour, unspecked by greyness, unmarred by premature baldness. The most effective remedy for scurf, premature baldness, or greyness, is the well-known Javal Hair Tonic. Never wash your hair with soap, it encourages scurf, and is fatal to healthy growth. Javal Hair Tonic on the other hand at once stays the further progress of decay caused by microbes, and quickly causes a new, healthy, and abundant crop of hair to spring up. Both are simply delightful preparations.

*Hair shows which way
the wind blows.*

JAVOL

3/- per flask

Sold by all Chemists and Stores,
Javal, 3s.; Javal Shampoo Powder, 5 for 1s.
or send P.O. at once to—

LAMONT, CORLISS & CO.,
11, Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.

THE COCOA "PAR EXCELLENCE."



"KEEPS OUT THE COLD"

Fry's PURE
CONCENTRATED
300
Gold Medals,
&c. **Cocoa**

"I HAVE NEVER TASTED COCOA THAT I LIKE SO WELL."

—Sir CHAS. CAMERON, C.B., M.D.

weeks, the peasant must fast—all meat, fish, milk, eggs, butter, everything except black bread, cabbage soup, and small cucumbers, and all drinks except water, are forbidden. Every day of those seven weeks the priest tolls the bell from nine till one in the morning to warn the peasants afresh of their solemn duty. They hardly need the warning, poor wretches; the fear of the Church and its mandates is pitiable and degrading to behold, and if a peasant transgresses and eats of the forbidden fruit he must spend two hours daily during the fast on his bare, bended knees, crossing himself before a holy ikon, and, in addition to this, he must pay so much to the Church, and live for ever under the fear that the priest will excommunicate him and send his soul to perdition. One day during the period—March 25—fish is allowed, and the eating of this is accompanied by dancing, singing, and church-going. That is the only relaxation during seven weeks. These wretched people, who have up to now lived on the most meagre diet imaginable, have now for seven whole weeks to live even more so, such is the law promulgated by the Russian Church. Far better would it be if the Church turned its attention to the education of the people rather than waste time forming absurd laws to deprive their already emaciated flock of really necessary food—especially this year, when famine is rife and in many villages the peasants are forced occasionally to eat with avidity stuff which, as a rule, is thrown to the dogs under the table. Poor Russia! May God help her people and broaden the minds of their pastors and masters!

H. P. KENNARD.

THE QUEEN AND BIRD MARTYRS.

ON another page we are enabled, by the kindness of the authorities of the South Kensington Natural History Museum, to show some of the birds that will benefit by Queen Alexandra's valued protest against their sacrifice for millinery purposes. In the battle between fashion and humanity the former has been completely successful hitherto. Now that the humanitarians have invoked the aid of the First Lady of the Land, it is reasonable to hope that they will be able to command the success they have deserved so long. The egret, whose spring plumage is known as osprey, is perhaps the most persecuted of all birds, but there are many others to whom Queen Alexandra's letter means life instead of death. Humming birds and birds of paradise, whose beauty can never be realised by those who do not know the tropics, because death dulls their plumage; the exquisitely coloured crested bronzing, the golden conure, and the parrot, are among the birds of foreign birth that have suffered most from the fashions of a "civilised" people.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

THE will (dated Feb. 11, 1902) of MR. VYELL EDWARD WALKER, of Arnos Grove, Southgate, who died on Jan. 3, was proved on March 20 by Russell Donnithorne Walker, the brother, and John Bradshaw, Edward Stanhope Rashleigh, and Richard Stewart Bradshaw, the value of the real and personal estate being £1,598,177. The testator gives £2000 each to the London Hospital, the Cancer Hospital, and the Curates Augmentation Fund; £1000 each to the Middlesex Hospital, the City



A PRESENTATION TEA-SERVICE.

The service is the work of Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Limited, of London and Sheffield. The inscription runs: "Presented to Sir Edward W. Fithian, Kt., in recognition of his services to the Association of Chambers of Commerce of the United Kingdom, 6th March, 1906."

of London Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, the Royal Hospital for Incurables (Putney), the Poplar Hospital for Accidents, the Idiot Asylum (Earlswood), the Brompton Hospital for Consumption, the Victoria Hospital for Sick Children, the Infant Orphan Asylum (Wanstead), the Orphan Working School, the London Orphan Asylum (Watford), the Bishop of London's Fund, the East and North London Church Fund, the Church Missionary Society, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and the National Life-Boat Institution; £500 to the Cricketers' Fund Friendly Society; £1000, in trust, for the poor of Limehouse; £1500 to the Vicar and churchwardens of Christ Church, Southgate; and £500 each towards the building funds of St. Andrew's The Chase, Southgate, and the

church at Palmer's Green. He further gives his Adventurer's share, and other shares in the New River Company, £100,000, and the Arnos Grove Estate, to his brother; £35,000 to his nephew John Bradshaw; £30,000 each to his nephews Edward Stanhope Rashleigh, Richard Stewart Bradshaw, Joseph Henry Bradshaw, Robert Bradshaw, and Arthur Edward Bradshaw; £25,000 each to his nephew and nieces, Arthur Stanhope Rashleigh, Constance Louisa Rashleigh, Alice Mary Rashleigh, Katherine Sophia Sale, and Emma Louisa Bradshaw; £20,000 each to his nephews and nieces Frederick Charles Luck, Oliver Donnithorne Luck, Fanny Louise Walker, Edith Payne Luck, Norah Marguerite Luck, Annie Beatrice Barker, and Susie Lavinia Luck; and many other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves as to two fifths to his brother, and one fifth each to his nephews John Bradshaw, Edward Stanhope Rashleigh, and Richard Stewart Bradshaw.

The inventory and estate duty accounts of the late LORD NEWLANDS have been lodged. The amount of the net estate is returned as £1,504,278 14s. 11d., and the present Lord Newlands is the sole executor. It appears from his Lordship's will and codicils lodged with the accounts, that during his life, independently of the fortune left at his death, he made payments of £50,000 to trustees for his daughter Lady Baird; of a like sum to trustees for his daughter Lady Lamington, and of £30,000 to trustees for his daughter the Hon. Catherine Rose Hozier. Subject to payment of an annuity of £2500 to the Hon. Catherine Rose Hozier, and of a further £20,000 to trustees for her behoof, as well as sundry legacies to other relatives, friends, and servants, Lord Newlands leaves everything to his son, the present Lord Newlands, absolutely.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Lanarkshire, of the deed of settlement (dated Nov. 10, 1900), with codicils, of MR. JOHN WILSON, of Hillhead House, Glasgow, formerly M.P. for the Govan Division of Lanarkshire, who died on Dec. 10 has just been resealed in London, the value of the personal estate being £251,423.

The will (dated Nov. 14, 1905) of JOSEPH RUSSELL, FIRST BARON GLANUSK, of Glanusk Park, Crickhowell, Brecon, who died on Jan. 6, was proved on March 15 by Lady Glanusk, the widow, and Henry James Bailey, the brother, the value of the unsettled estate being £104,552. The testator gives £1000 to his wife; £200 to his brother; £10,000 each to his younger sons and married daughters, and during the life of his wife £350 per annum each to his unmarried daughters; and

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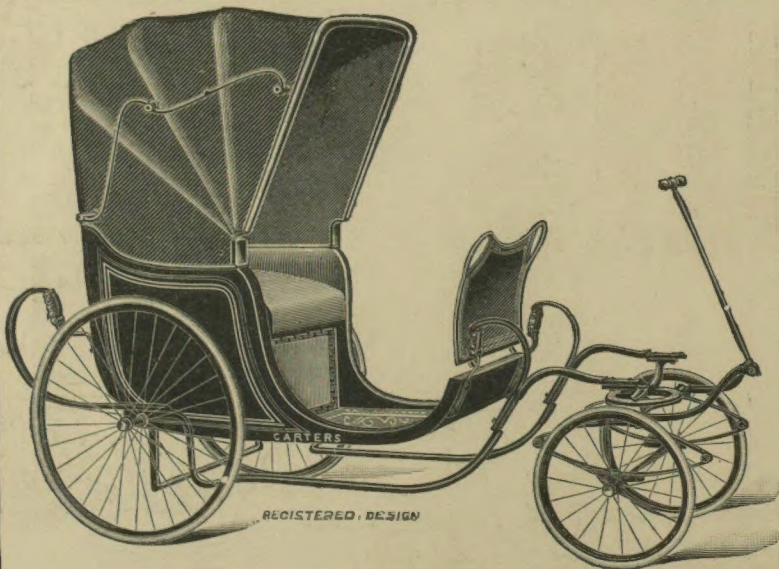
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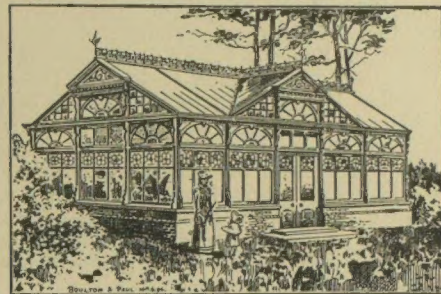
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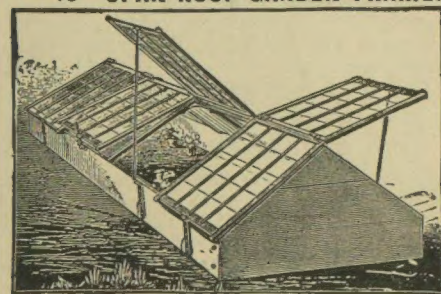
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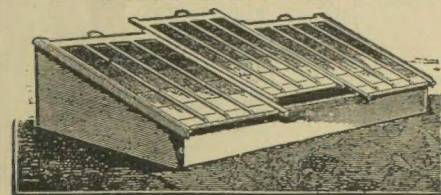
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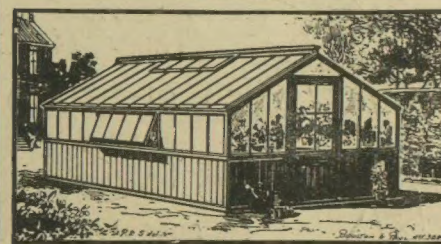


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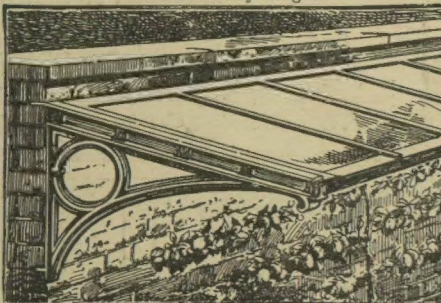
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legacies to servants. Various presentation silver, his First Folio copy of Shakspeare, and other articles, are to devolve as heirlooms with the settled estates. The residue of his property, including a sum of £15,000, he leaves to his wife for life, and then for his younger sons and unmarried daughters.

The will (dated Jan. 18, 1899) of Mr. ISAAC HENDERSON, of 3, Lloyds Avenue, E.C., who died on Nov. 19, has been proved by William Nanson Henderson and John Henderson, the brothers, the value of the estate being £118,796. The testator gives £24,500 to the children of his brother William; £12,500 to the children of his brother John; £9000 each to his sisters Jane Timmins and Judith Henderson; £9000 to the children of Margaret Young; £3000 to the sons of Christian Young; £2000 to Louisa, Alice, and Clara Wheatley; £1000 each to Emily Medley and William Woolley King; £700 to the Straits Settlements Benevolent Fund; £750 each to the Home Mission and Foreign Mission of the Presbyterian Church of England; and £500 each to the Church Extension Fund, the Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund, and the Widows and Orphans Fund of the Presbyterian Church of England. Seven twelfths of the residue of his property he leaves to his brother William, and five twelfths to his brother John.

The will (dated March 31, 1900), with a codicil, of Mr. WILLIAM-MACANDREW, of Westwood House, near

Colchester, who died on Dec. 18, was proved on March 13 by Miss Katharine MacAndrew, the daughter, Joseph MacAndrew, the brother, and George William Duncan, the nephew, the value of the estate amounting to £108,910. The testator gives £100 each to the Eastern Counties Asylum for Idiots, the Essex and Colchester Hospital, and the South American Missionary Society; £150 per annum to his wife; £1000 to his sister-in-law, Mrs. S. de M. Read; £100 each to his executors; and his shares in the barques *Bolivia* and *Voldavia* to his sons Isaac and William. Two tenths of the residue of his property he leaves, in trust, for his son Isaac; and eight tenths to his other children.

PROGRESS AT ALGECIRAS.

THERE is a little break in the clouds that surround the delegates at Algeciras, but it is not sufficient to justify the students of the political barometer in their confident assertion that we are now about to enjoy a long spell of fine weather. To be sure Germany has withdrawn the proposal that an exception to the mixed French and Spanish control should be made in the case of Casablanca, but the surrender on that point does not imply agreement with the other aspirations of France. In fact, Herr von Radowitz informed the Conference on Monday last that, from the German standpoint, it was absolutely essential for the

Franco-Spanish organisation to be under international control, and he even threatened to leave the Conference if the principle he stood for were not adopted. As things stand now, two courses are open to the Conference. The one is to accept a long sequence of official arrangements that will hamper progress and threaten seriously the Sultan's own control of his country, or, on the other hand, to accept arrangements that would reduce official intervention to a minimum, but would leave the political control of the seaports right outside the sphere of international control. It is clear that Germany is utterly averse from the latter procedure, and that France desires nothing else. Consequently, at the time of writing, one can do no more than note the settlement of certain points, and hope for the best as far as the others are concerned. Matters settled are the term of appointment of European officers, their number and the numbers of the non-commissioned officers, the total strength of the police force, and the annual amount to be expended upon it. All these details are of importance, but they do not go far enough to settle the differences between interested parties. From Morocco itself there comes one item of good news to set against the reports of fighting between the Pretender and the Shereefian forces. The long drought has broken, and rain has fallen along the coast between Tangier and Casablanca. Should the rain have spread as far as Marrakesh and the Sus, the famine will be stayed.

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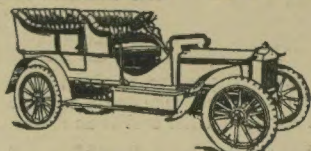
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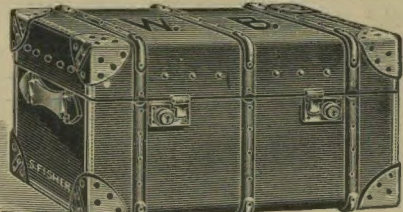
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